



Snowblind by Ian Edginton

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER
Time and space traveller.

CONSTANCE CLARKE: MIRANDA RAISON
Time traveller's companion – formerly L/Wren at Bletchley Park.

DR HUGO MACHT:
(M, 30s-40s. West Coast US accent) Billionaire entrepreneur, backing a terraforming engine to heal the world's climate.

PROFESSOR LISA ZETTERLING:
(F, 30s-40s. East Coast accent) Boots-on-the-ground project manager for the construction of terraforming engine.

MAJOR VINCENT DA COSTA/ HERGER:
(M, 50s-60s. Texan accent) Macht's head of security. Ex-military. Gruff but genial./ Viking chieftain.

BRYCE/ TALESSH:
(M, 40s-50s. Mid-West US accent) Site foreman, a bit neurotic./ Alien monster.

ALSO: **RIDER** (M); **ORACLE** (older, F or M); **VIKINGS**.

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PART ONE

SCENE 1: INT. TARDIS – CORRIDOR

(FX: FADE UP. DOCTOR & CONSTANCE WALKING ALONG CORRIDOR. CONSTANCE FOLLOWS DOCTOR TO HALT. DOCTOR OPENS A DOOR)

DOCTOR:

No...

(FX: CLOSSES DOOR. FOOTSTEPS TO HALT. OPENS ANOTHER DOOR)

DOCTOR:

No...

(FX: CLOSSES DOOR. FOOTSTEPS TO HALT. OPENS ANOTHER DOOR)

DOCTOR:

(FRUSTRATED) No!

(FX: CLOSSES DOOR)

CONSTANCE:

How can one possibly lose a kitchen? Loose change, keys, a purse, yes – but a kitchen?!

DOCTOR:

My dear Mrs Clarke, the TARDIS is alive and has a mind of its own. On occasion, its mind tends to wander.

CONSTANCE:

It's us doing the mindless wandering, it seems to me.

DOCTOR:

(IGNORING HER) Other side of the corridor, I think...

(FX: FOOTSTEPS TO HALT. OPENS ANOTHER DOOR. FROM WITHIN, SHRILL SHRIEKING AND BEATING OF LEATHERY WINGS – A MONSTER, COMING TOWARDS THEM)

DOCTOR:

Ah, I wondered where you'd got to!

(FX: CLOSSES DOOR, SHUTTING SHRIEKING OUT)

CONSTANCE:

Was that what I thought it was?

DOCTOR:

Probably not.

(FX: WALKING)

CONSTANCE:

You remind me of my Great-Uncle Jasper. Lived alone, rattling around in a huge, tumbledown pile in the country. He'd spend his days talking to the dog and taking pot-shots at rabbits through the breakfast room window.

DOCTOR:

That is nothing like me! I abhor guns, and as for rabbits – well, no creature can be that cute without an ulterior [motive] – (COMES TO HALT; MOCK-INDIGNATION) Great-Uncle? Great-Uncle?!

CONSTANCE:

Oh! I didn't mean – Come to think of it, how old are you, precisely?

(FX: DOCTOR OPENS ANOTHER DOOR. BEAT)

DOCTOR:

No. (SLAMS DOOR) Right, then – (CLAPS HANDS) Change of plan! I won't be cooking dinner, we shall eat out!

CONSTANCE:

Really, Doctor, I'm not hungry.

DOCTOR:

You've got used to that austerity diet, that's all. The universe is our oyster, Mrs Clarke! No Ration Book necessary! Where do you fancy – Delmonico's? The Grand Taverne des Londres? Tony and Helen's Chip Bar?

CONSTANCE:

Honestly, Doctor, I'm not in the least bit – [peckish]

(FX: SUDDENLY, TARDIS LURCHES HORRIBLY)

DOCTOR & CONSTANCE:

(TOGETHER, AS THEY'RE THROWN ABOUT) Who-a-a-ahh!!

(FX: EFFECT CALMS)

CONSTANCE:

What was that?

DOCTOR:

Emergency stop. Are you all right?

CONSTANCE:

I'll live. I take it an evening of fine dining is no longer on the menu?

DOCTOR:

(PULLING CONSTANCE TO HER FEET) Unfortunately not. Our next port of call is going to be –

(FX: OPENS DOOR. CONTINUES INTO:)

SCENE 2: INT. TARDIS — CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: STANDARD AMBIENCE)

DOCTOR:

(FX: WALKING IN) ... the control room, good.

CONSTANCE:

Wait a minute, wasn't this several corridors back?

(FX: THEY CROSS TO CONSOLE)

DOCTOR:

Very probably. — Hmm. (FX: FLIPPING SWITCHES)

CONSTANCE:

Is that a good 'hmm', or a bad 'hmm'? What do all these lights indicate?

DOCTOR:

(DISTRACTED) We hit something, or rather something hit us.

CONSTANCE:

(CURIOUS) Oh! Like a... road traffic accident?

DOCTOR:

Not exactly. The TARDIS has been walloped by a whopping great pulse of Artron energy.

CONSTANCE:

Meaning?

DOCTOR:

It's a form of ambient radiation found in the time vortex. Fairly benign, but it can be used for any number of things, most notably as a power source. (FX: FLIPPING SWITCHES WITH GUSTO) Fortunately, it is obligingly easy to track!

(FX: TARDIS VWORPS AWAY. CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 3: INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES, ECHOING AROUND CHAMBER. BEAT. DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:

(STEPPING OUT) Burnt Oak, Arizona. 2029. July the 13th. (CLOSES DOOR) A Sunday morning, I believe.

CONSTANCE:

(HEARING ECHO) We're underground.

DOCTOR:

It would appear so. (RUMMAGING IN POCKETS) One moment, I'm never without a torch.

CONSTANCE:

'Be prepared.' Like a good Boy Scout?

DOCTOR:

Indeed. Let there be light! (FX: TORCH SWITCHED ON)

CONSTANCE:

(AWE-STRUCK) Oh, my —

DOCTOR:

Curiouser and curiouser. This is quite the rabbit hole!

CONSTANCE:

It's a tomb...!

DOCTOR:

A tumulus, I'd say. A Viking burial barrow.

CONSTANCE:

In the United States? In Arizona?

DOCTOR:

Quite the conundrum, isn't it? (WALKING FORWARD) I count what, six, seven bodies? That chap on the dais in the middle must be their chieftain...

CONSTANCE:

They're exceptionally well-preserved. (THINKING) Arizona... I presume the desert heat must have baked them dry, over the centuries?

DOCTOR:

Very good, Constance.

CONSTANCE:

Only it's not been centuries since someone was in here last.

DOCTOR:

I think you may be on to something. Footprints! Belonging to just one person, by the look of it. Small feet, too.

CONSTANCE:

Oh, yes. But that's not what I meant.

DOCTOR:

No?

CONSTANCE:

Look here. The chieftain was clutching something to his chest. You can see the impression it made.

DOCTOR:

Something large, round and heavy. A shield would seem to fit the bill?

CONSTANCE:

A shield, yes!

DOCTOR:

Well, whoever took it from our friend here was no reputable archaeologist. They were positively brutal in the way they removed it. See how the fingers were broken as they prised it free?

SCENE 4: EXT. EXCAVATION SITE

(FX: DA COSTA STRIDING OVER ROCKY SURFACE TO HALT)

DA COSTA:

(CALLING UP) Bryce! Foreman Bryce! – Why'd you call me out here? It's a Sunday, boy!

BRYCE:

(NERVOUS) Major Da Costa, I – I'm sorry. It's just some of the guys, they were saying, about this mound...

DA COSTA:

Mound? That's a hill, Bryce. A hill. You've got eyes, right?

BRYCE:

A hill, Major. If you're sure. I wouldn't want anyone getting into trouble, that's all...

DA COSTA:

You know the schedule. You have your orders. Now level that thing!

BRYCE:

Roger that, Major!

(FX: KEY IN IGNITION. BIG DIGGER STARTS UP)

SCENE 5: INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

CONSTANCE:

Doctor, bring your torch over here.

DOCTOR:

You've found something else?

CONSTANCE:

These runes, on the dais. I think I can read them...!

DOCTOR:

I thought that Modern Languages were your subject, Mrs Clarke.

CONSTANCE:

I remember, at Bletchley: the Nazis once tried sending coded messages written in ancient Scandinavian script.

DOCTOR:

There you go. So you can translate.

CONSTANCE:

That's just it, Doctor. I didn't work on that project. Only now I'm picking out fragments of phrases, mostly about ice, war and death.

DOCTOR:

No surprises there. Probably a chronicle of their journey. A saga of seafaring, beards and pickled herring.

(FX: FAINT RUMBLE AS BRYCE'S DIGGER BITES INTO THE WALL OF THE MOUND, OFF. CONTINUES THROUGH:)

CONSTANCE:

(TOO ENGROSSED TO NOTICE) It's getting clearer by the second. It reads like... no, no, it feels like – like a warning of some sort. How I can say that, I've not the faintest idea.

DOCTOR:

I see what's going on. Don't worry, Constance, it's just the TARDIS translation matrix tinkering with your perception.

CONSTANCE:

The what tinkering with my what?

DOCTOR:

With your brain, essentially. Like I say, don't worry about it.

CONSTANCE:

This happened before, in the U-boat. I was speaking German, you said, but I heard English.

DOCTOR:

It just sort of happens. A non-optional extra. I don't know why you're complaining, Mrs Clarke. Your body's naturally awash with beneficial bugs and bacteria as it is, what's one more in the mix?

CONSTANCE:

Bugs?! What [bugs]

(FX: CLOSER RUMBLE FROM APPROACHING DIGGER)

DOCTOR:

Ssh, ssh! – Do you hear that? Not your stomach rumbling, is it?

CONSTANCE:

I told you, I'm not hungry. – It's like a tremor. It couldn't be an earthquake, could it?

DOCTOR:

Nonsense. It's not in the ground. (GOING OVER) It seems to be coming from behind this wall..

(FX: RUMBLING BUILDS. CONTENTS OF THE TOMB START TO CLATTER)

CONSTANCE:

(ALARM) It's cracking!

DOCTOR:

What?

CONSTANCE:

The wall, it's bulging out!

DOCTOR:

So it is...!

CONSTANCE:

Get back, there's something [coming through!]

(FX: RUMBLE BECOMES DEAFENING ROAR AS A MECHANICAL DIGGER TEARS OPEN ONE SIDE OF CHAMBER, SHOWERING THE DOCTOR IN EARTH)

CONSTANCE:

Doctor! Doctor!!!

(FX: CROSS TO POV OF BRYCE – DRIVING DIGGER)

CONSTANCE:

(OFF, TO BRYCE) Stop! Stop!!!

BRYCE:

What the...?!

CONSTANCE:

(OFF) Please, stop the machine!!!

BRYCE:

Heck, yeah-!

(FX: BRYCE POWERS DOWN DIGGER. IT GRINDS TO A HALT. CLATTERS DOWN FROM DRIVER'S SEAT. FOLLOW HIM OVER TO CONSTANCE)

CONSTANCE:

(CLAWING FRANTICALLY AT EARTH) My friend's under here! Help me dig him out! -

BRYCE:

S-sure...! (CALLING BACK) Major! Major Da Costa! Get the Major here now!!!

CONSTANCE:

Come on!!!

BRYCE:

Who are you? What are doing here...?

CONSTANCE:

Never mind that. Hold on, I think I can feel...

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED UNDER EARTH) Ow!!!

BRYCE:

I got a hand!

CONSTANCE:

Then pull!!!

BRYCE & CONSTANCE:

(EFFORT AS THEY HAUL DOCTOR OUT FROM UNDER CLOUDS OF EARTH)

CONSTANCE:

Doctor? Doctor, are you well?

DOCTOR:

(SPITTING EARTH AWAY) As well as any man who's suffered the indignity of a premature burial.

BRYCE:

Thank the Lord. I thought I'd killed you.

DOCTOR:

Lucky for me that you made such a hash of it, Mr, er...?

BRYCE:

Bryce. Foreman.

DOCTOR:

Tell me, Mister Bryce Foreman, do you make a habit of breaking open ancient archaeological sites with a ten-ton digger?

BRYCE:

I –

DOCTOR:

Never mind the goldfish act. – Constance, are you all right?

CONSTANCE:

Perfectly well, I think. – Although I appear to have laddered my nylons, blast!

DOCTOR:

Never mind, no need to find a street corner spiv to replace them, not in 2029.

DA COSTA:

(APPROACHING FROM OUTSIDE) Bryce? What's with all this constern– (BREAKS OFF, SEEING DOCTOR) Well, who the heck are these people?

BRYCE:

Major Da Costa, sir!

DA COSTA:

Well?!

CONSTANCE:

That's the Doctor, and I'm Leading Wren Clarke.

DOCTOR:

(PROMPTING) 'Major'.

CONSTANCE:

Of course. (SALUTING) Leading Wren Clarke, C – sir!

BRYCE:

I'm sorry, Major, but I almost ran these two down with the digger – sir!

DA COSTA:

What?

BRYCE:

They were inside the hill when I opened it up.

DA COSTA:

Say that again?

BRYCE:

Why, that... that's right. They were inside it! I said, I knew it wasn't just a hill...

DA COSTA:

Quiet!

DOCTOR:

It's true, this is far more than a hill. Come in, Major, take a proper look around.

(FX: DA COSTA STEPS PAST, VOICE ECHOING AS HE LOOKS AROUND)

DA COSTA:

Well, I'll be damned!

DOCTOR:

I'll excuse the language, given the circumstances. Quite the discovery, isn't it? An ancient tumulus. No longer intact, alas.

DA COSTA:

What were you doing here?

DOCTOR:

Wren Clarke and I were hoping to find a restaurant, but we appear to have got ourselves side-tracked, rather.

CONSTANCE:

Rather. (ASIDE) Doctor, the way back to the TARDIS is blocked...!

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) I know.

DA COSTA:

(CUTTING OVER) Okay, okay. Save it. You're going to have to talk to the doctor. He's in charge here.

DOCTOR:

What – then this is part of some scientific endeavour? Well, thank goodness. When I heard 'Major' I presumed, with tedious inevitability, that we were about to be locked up.

DA COSTA:

I was about to say – until the doctor gets here, I'll have to lock you up.

DOCTOR:

Strong arm tactics, the default setting of the military mind.
You are a military man, Major?

DA COSTA:

Retired. But until I can determine that you're not a threat,
it's my duty to protect everyone on this base.

DOCTOR:

Base, you say?

DA COSTA:

Foreman Bryce, call a guard to come and lock these people up.

BRYCE:

Lock them up where, sir? We don't have cells or nothing!

DA COSTA:

Secure storeroom. Just do it, Bryce!

BRYCE:

(EXITING) Major!

CONSTANCE:

(SOTTO) Doctor, what do we do now?

DOCTOR:

Now we get locked up. Why break the habit of six lifetimes?

SCENE 6: INT. CAR/EXT. COMPOUND

(FX: FADE UP. CAR IN MOTION)

MACHT:

Here, driver. (FX: CAR PULLING OVER ONTO GRAVEL AND COMING TO STOP THROUGH:) (TO ZETTERLING) There's Da Costa. This had better be good, to make me forfeit my golf game.

ZETTERLING:

You would have lost, anyway. You're lousy at golf. Lousy at all sports, come to think of it. I don't know why you bother. You know you don't play well with others, Hugo.

MACHT:

Come on.

(FX: THEY OPEN PASSENGER DOORS AND GET OUT ONTO GRAVEL, SLAMMING DOORS BEHIND THROUGH:)

DA COSTA:

(APPROACHING) Doctor Macht. Professor Zetterling. Sorry to drag you out here at the weekend.

MACHT:

(CURT) Skip the pleasantries, Major.

ZETTERLING:

(SHIVERS) Kinda chilly. — What have we got, Vincent?

DA COSTA:

Less than an hour ago we found two people inside the phase six site excavation. A man and a woman, [they —]

MACHT:

Whoa! Wait, wait, wait! Major, you're supposed to be head of site security. How did two trespassers get that far inside the perimeter?

DA COSTA:

Sir, if you'll let me finish. They weren't inside the facility, they were inside the excavation itself.

ZETTERLING:

What...?

DA COSTA:

That low hill the crew was scheduled to level? It's a tomb or something. There's bodies, bones and relics all over the place... and a big blue box.

MACHT:

Bodies?

DA COSTA:

Ancient. Like, really ancient.

ZETTERLING:

The hill was dug open and, what? There they were?

DA COSTA:

That's how Foreman Bryce tells it, ma'am.

MACHT:

(STRESSED) No, no, no! Not this. Not now!

ZETTERLING:

(ASIDE) Hugo, take a breath.

MACHT:

(ASIDE) You take a breath, Lisa! It's my money and my reputation on the line here! This is a multi-billion dollar investment. We go fully operational in six weeks with the whole world watching!

ZETTERLING:

(ASIDE) All I'm saying is wait and see what's happened. You might be worrying over nothing.

MACHT:

(ASIDE) Really? If that 'hill' proves to be a native American burial mound, the Department of the Interior's going to have archaeologists and experts crawling all over it.

ZETTERLING:

Yeah, maybe.

MACHT:

(ASIDE) They could hold up the program for months! Years! Instead of being the man who saved the world, I'll be a laughing stock! Worse, I'll be broke!

DA COSTA:

Uh, Dr Macht?

MACHT:

Yes!

DA COSTA:

The stuff we found didn't look like native American remains to me. There were swords and helmets and... well, they kinda looked like Vikings.

MACHT:

Vikings?

DA COSTA:

Like in that Two-D Kirk Douglas movie.

(BEAT)

MACHT:

(BEGINS TO LAUGH) Vikings! Ha! (LAUGHS AGAIN)

ZETTERLING:

(PUZZLED) What's so funny? It's long been conjectured that Vikings made it to America. If this is for real, if this is hard evidence... it could re-write the history books!

MACHT:

But it won't, because it's a hoax. At least, that's how we'll spin it if word gets out. A scheme cooked up by those eco-evangelical nut-jobs who reckon we should let Mother Earth heal herself rather than do it ourselves.

ZETTERLING:

But if it's genuine?

MACHT:

Who cares? We keep the site locked down, clear all non-essential personnel. The computer pretty much runs everything anyway. Once we're up and running no-one will dare to try messing with us!

ZETTERLING:

How can you be so sure?

MACHT:

Because, Professor Zetterling, I've built a career on knowing what people want. We're saving the world, remember? Anyone who gets in our way is the bad guy in this!

SCENE 7: INT. SECURE STOREROOM

CONSTANCE:

(SHIVERING) Why is it so cold in here? We're in the Wild West. Cowboys, cacti and deserts.

DOCTOR:

Air-conditioning, Mrs Clarke. The human race does love messing about with its environment, for better or worse. They'd shift the world on its axis if they thought it would make them more comfortable. – Hence that monstrosity through the window.

CONSTANCE:

(FX: PARTS WINDOW BLIND) I've never seen anything like it. It must be the size of St Paul's.

DOCTOR:

As terraforming machines go it's a modest effort. I've seen some the size of moons.

CONSTANCE:

Yes, but what does it do, exactly?

DOCTOR:

Do you notice that gritty feeling between your teeth?

CONSTANCE:

Now you mention it... yes. Yes, I do.

DOCTOR:

Nanites. Self-replicating, microscopic robots. The geo-engine seeds the atmosphere with them in infinitesimal numbers.

CONSTANCE:

(PUZZLED) What for?

DOCTOR:

Earth in this epoch is fighting a losing battle with climate change. Pollutants – like factory smog – are heating up the planet. Greenhouse gases are melting the ice caps and causing environmental collapse.

CONSTANCE:

I presume that's bad.

DOCTOR:

Catastrophic.

CONSTANCE:

Well, can't it be stopped?

DOCTOR:

They're trying. The nanites are an attempt to arrest the process by attacking the pollutants on a sub-atomic level. Scrubbing the sky clean. That gritty taste is the spent machines in the air. Completely harmless.

CONSTANCE:

(SOMBRE) Oh, Doctor, what did we do?

DOCTOR:

Constance?

CONSTANCE:

For it to come to this? The war, my war. The sacrifices we made so the future would be much brighter. Good men and women gave their lives and for what? So their heirs could poison the planet?

DOCTOR:

(SOFTLY) It does get better, I promise. Mankind does eventually realise its potential and spreads to the farthest reaches of the cosmos, right up until the end of time.

CONSTANCE:

But there are still wars... and worse?

DOCTOR:

Two steps forwards, one step back. Things do improve though. The hand of man –

CONSTANCE:

And woman.

DOCTOR:

And woman, will one day reach out and touch every star in the sky.

CONSTANCE:

You're certain?

DOCTOR:

I've seen it. Trust me.

SCENE 8: INT. CORRIDOR

(FX: INTERIOR DOOR CLUNKS OPEN. 3 X FOOTSTEPS WALKING BRISKLY THROUGH, ALONG CORRIDOR)

MACHT:

Where are they?

DA COSTA:

Down here. I've locked them in one of the secure storerooms until we call in the Feds.

ZETTERLING:

The Bureau?

MACHT:

Which we're not going to. Not yet at least. I want to get a look at these people first. See what they have to say for themselves.

ZETTERLING:

Can we even do that? Detain them?

(FX: FOOTSTEPS TO HALT)

DA COSTA:

Here we are. Sir. Ma'am.

MACHT:

Go ahead, Major.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 9: INT. SECURE STOREROOM [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: DOOR UNLOCKED FROM OUTSIDE; SLIDES OPEN. BEAT)

MACHT:

(LAUGHING) Well, now. What do we have here?

DOCTOR:

Ah! The mysterious 'doctor', I presume. – Makes a change for me to say [that.]

MACHT:

(STILL SNIGGERING)

DOCTOR:

(BREAKS OFF) Is something amusing you?

MACHT:

Aw, come on. No-one told me the circus had come to town! Did you get dressed in the dark or what?

ZETTERLING:

Dr Macht, that's not appropriate.

CONSTANCE:

No, it isn't.

MACHT:

Sorry, sorry. I let my mouth run off without engaging my brain sometimes. But, er, when I was told someone had been caught breaking into the facility – well, you two were not what I expected!

CONSTANCE:

That's reasonable.

DOCTOR:

I suppose so –

CONSTANCE:

Kindly note, however, "Doctor", that we didn't "break in" anywhere!

ZETTERLING:

Let's try all that again, shall we? I'm Professor Zetterling, this is my boss Dr Macht, and Major Da Costa you know.

DOCTOR:

There, that's better. – How do you do, Professor Zetterling. I'm the Doctor and this is my friend, Mrs Clarke.

MACHT:

A doctor. Doctor of what?

DA COSTA:

Yeah, that's what I was wondering.

DOCTOR:

Just... the Doctor.

MACHT:

Well, 'just the Doctor', you and Mrs Clarke here are in more trouble than you can care to imagine.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I don't know. I can imagine quite a lot.

CONSTANCE:

(ASIDE) That's not helping.

MACHT:

How did you get in here undetected? Are there any others?

DA COSTA:

What are you, anyway? Gaia-nauts, or that monkey-wrenching Earth First outfit?

DOCTOR:

One at a time, please! – Mrs Clarke and I are travellers in time and space. We intercepted a significant burst of Artron energy in the time vortex and tracked it to this location.

MACHT:

(SCEPTICAL) Travellers?

DOCTOR:

Yes.

DA COSTA:

In time and space?

DOCTOR:

Correct.

MACHT:

Do you take us for morons?

DOCTOR:

'Morons' is a little strong, [but]

CONSTANCE:

That's enough, all of you!

ZETTERLING:

Mrs Clarke here has a point. – “Doctor”, you need to do better than that.

DOCTOR:

You want proof of my credentials, Professor? Very well. The metallic tang we’re all tasting indicates elevated levels of expired nanite matter – short-circuited by the backwash from the Artron energy.

DA COSTA:

Y’know, I thought it was just me but I’ve been tasting metal all day!

MACHT:

Professor Zee?

ZETTERLING:

(CAUGHT OUT) I... (HURRIEDLY; WITH “A SLIGHT ELEVATION IN HER BREATHING” – SEE SCENE 11) Nanite redundancies are only to be expected. Nothing out of the ordinary.

MACHT:

Guess that’s you crashed and burned, Doc. So you watch the documentary channels. You know a bit of jargon. So what?

DOCTOR:

My ship, my TARDIS, is in the barrow. Take us there and I can prove it to you!

ZETTERLING:

Your ship?

MACHT:

(SMILING) We might just go and do that. You two can stay here though. Professor, Major Da Costa?

(FX: MACHT, ZETTERLING, DA COSTA EXIT THROUGH:)

CONSTANCE:

You can’t just leave us locked up!

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING TO FOLLOW) Professor Zetterling, I urge you to check for elevated levels of nanite wastage. As a scientist you know as well as I do the law of conservation of energy: energy cannot be destroyed but it can change form. Ergo, it is here, some-[where!]

(FX: DOOR SLIDES SHUT IN HIS FACE. CROSS TO:)

SCENE 10: INT. CORRIDOR [CONTINUOUS]

FX: 3 X FOOTSTEPS WALKING.

MACHT:

Clever, very clever!

ZETTERLING:

Care to share?

MACHT:

Coco the clown back there and his 'friend'. They're an elaborate distraction, that's the only explanation. A sideshow to keep us looking the other way while their compatriots sabotage the geo-engine.

DA COSTA:

Sir, the computer's visual recognition software logs and tracks all members of staff and visitors. Anyone not on the database is red-flagged immediately. It hasn't happened.

MACHT:

(IRRITATED) So maybe they're already on the system? Maybe we have a traitor? A sell-out?

ZETTERLING:

Even so, it's still quite a leap.

MACHT:

Well, how would you explain what they're doing here?

ZETTERLING:

All I know is you can't simply throw a spanner in these works. The geo-engine is a hideously complex machine the size of a small mountain full of back-ups and self-maintaining systems. Even I don't understand all of it.

MACHT:

(ANGRY) Then maybe they got someone smarter than you to mess with it? Did that occur to anyone? So go and do stuff, Lisa! Push buttons, pull levers, check it all out! (STORMING OFF) Why am I the only one who thinks of these things?

SCENE 11: INT. SECURE STOREROOM

DOCTOR:

What a thoroughly irritating little man. 'Watch the documentary channels', indeed! Let me assure you, [Constance]

CONSTANCE:

Never mind Dr Macht. It was the Professor who interested me more.

DOCTOR:

She wasn't much better.

CONSTANCE:

No, she was hiding something.

DOCTOR:

Hiding something? When?

CONSTANCE:

About these – what was it? Nanite redundancies. Couldn't you see it?

DOCTOR:

Her body language, you mean?

CONSTANCE:

I wouldn't know about that. A slight elevation in her breathing, perhaps. A bit too quick to close the conversation.

DOCTOR:

You know, Constance, you may be on to something...!

CONSTANCE:

Also, the footprints in the tomb. They were small, like mine.

DOCTOR:

A woman's, you mean?

CONSTANCE:

It's possible. But why remove the shield from the Chieftain's chest and say nothing about the barrow's existence, even?

DOCTOR:

I haven't the foggiest notion. Our priority has to be to get back to the TARDIS. Conduct our own analysis of the immediate atmosphere.

CONSTANCE:

How? Bars on the window. A heavy lock on the door...

DOCTOR:

You forget, Mrs Clarke – this isn't a cell, it's a storeroom. So... (SEARCHING THROUGH CLINKING JARS & BOTTLES) ... there must be something on these shelves to help us escape!

CONSTANCE:

Doctor, it's a food store!

DOCTOR:

Well, then – we'll just have to cook something up, won't we?

CONSTANCE:

What?

DOCTOR:

Trust me.

SCENE 12: INT. GEO-ENGINE CONTROL

(FX: FADE UP SOFTLY BLEEPING DATABANKS ETC. ZETTERLING CONCLUDES CLATTERING AT A KEYBOARD)

ZETTERLING:

Done and done! – As you asked, Hugo, I've run a deep diagnostic of the primary and secondary systems – right down to the root code.

MACHT:

And?

ZETTERLING:

All clean and green across the board.

MACHT:

(SCEPTICAL) So you're saying there's nothing to worry about. Nothing unusual occurring.

ZETTERLING:

Absolutely not.

MACHT:

Look out the window, Lisa.

ZETTERLING:

The window, w-[hy] (REALISATION) It... it's snowing!

MACHT:

Started coming down a minute or two ago. Thought I'd let you finish first.

ZETTERLING:

But it's July!

MACHT:

Is it the geo-engine? The terraformer? Could it be making it snow?

ZETTERLING:

Theoretically, yes...

MACHT:

I'd say it's more than a theory now, wouldn't you?

ZETTERLING:

This is insane. There's no test scheduled. According to my read-outs, nothing's happening!

MACHT:

This is what I was talking about. This is sabotage, right here!

SCENE 13: EXT. TERRAFORMER FACILITY

(FX: STRONG GUSTING WIND. HEAVY DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

CONSTANCE:

Well, that was remarkably easy— (REALISATION) Doctor, it's snowing!

DOCTOR:

Yes, the weather would seem to have taken an unexpected turn.

CONSTANCE:

Snowing, in Arizona!

DOCTOR:

It's not unknown. But unheard of in July. Look towards the horizon, what do you see?

CONSTANCE:

That's — that's heat haze!

DOCTOR:

Now look up.

CONSTANCE:

Thick grey clouds, right above us.

DOCTOR:

Not us. The terraformer.

CONSTANCE:

That's not a coincidence, is it?

(FX: OFF, MULTIPLE CAR DOORS OPENING AND CLOSING. CARS PULLING AWAY, DRIVING OFF, THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:

There are no coincidences.

CONSTANCE:

Hello, what's going on over there...?

BRYCE:

(WELL OFF) Guys, come back! Guys! Think of your contracts! Guys...!

DOCTOR:

Looks like Mr Bryce Foreman is having staff trouble. The question is: is everyone nipping home to pick up a woolly jumper... or do they know something we don't?

SCENE 14: INT. GEO-ENGINE CONTROL

(FX: AS BEFORE. ELECTRONIC DOOR SLIDES OPEN AND SHUT)

DA COSTA:

(SHIVERING AND STAMPING FEET) Man alive, it's cold out there! The morning starts out with an Arizona summer and the afternoon turns into a Wisconsin winter. No way that's natural!

MACHT:

My thoughts exactly. Did you find anything, Major?

DA COSTA:

No, sir. I checked all the security logs, no unusual or suspicious activity.

MACHT:

Good. Now I want you to conduct interviews with the site staff and crew.

DA COSTA:

That's... gonna be hard.

MACHT:

What do you mean?

ZETTERLING:

They're leaving.

MACHT:

What?

ZETTERLING:

Look out the window, Hugo. There's a convoy. Everyone's leaving.

MACHT:

They can't just leave! – Major, get your guys to stop them!

DA COSTA:

My guys are leaving, too. (RELUCTANTLY) There's been... talk.

MACHT:

What do you mean, talk?

DA COSTA:

Talk about levelling that mound. Lots of these men, they've got native American ancestors. Said it should have been left alone.

MACHT:

They're saying – what, there's a curse? Is that what you're telling me?

DA COSTA:

That's why Bryce called me in, he knew there was trouble brewin'. Then, when it started to snow...

MACHT:

Morons! – This is what I was talking about. Don't you see, it's all part of their plan!

ZETTERLING:

Whose plan?

MACHT:

The saboteurs'!

ZETTERLING:

Hugo, you're starting to sound even more paranoid than usual.

MACHT:

Then no doubt I need to see a Doctor!

SCENE 15: EXT. TERRAFORMER FACILITY

(FX: DOCTOR AND CONSTANCE TRUDGING THROUGH BLIZZARD. HOWLING ARCTIC WIND) [NB: VOICES RAISED OVER WIND THROUGHOUT]

CONSTANCE:

Doctor, it's getting worse! It's a blizzard!

DOCTOR:

Well, now we know where the Artron energy went. It's as I said, energy doesn't disappear but it does change form!

CONSTANCE:

Into snow?

DOCTOR:

Something's affected that geo-engine, it's transforming the local climate! – I wonder: is this really an accident...?

CONSTANCE:

Come on! We're going to freeze to death if we don't get back to the TARDIS soon! – You do know the way, don't you?

DOCTOR:

Have faith, Constance!

CONSTANCE:

Faith? You couldn't even find your own kitchen!

DOCTOR:

Uhm, I have a confession to make about that!

CONSTANCE:

I'm all ears. Frozen ears, but ears nonetheless!

DOCTOR:

I've never been able to find the kitchen... ever!

CONSTANCE:

What?!

DOCTOR:

Well, why go traipsing round all those endless corridors when the finest eating establishments in all of time and space are right outside the TARDIS doors?!

CONSTANCE:

So why did you want to cook for me? – Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I wanted to do something nice for you! It backfired!

(BEAT)

CONSTANCE:

Back in the old country, our governess would tell us never to use the word 'nice', but to find a more expressive alternative instead!

DOCTOR:

Quite right!

CONSTANCE:

But I like 'nice'. It's small and warm and friendly. Thank you for trying to do something nice for me, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

My pleasure! Or it would have been if things had worked out [otherwise—]

(FX: DEEP SWIRLING MOAN — LIKE A SLOWED-DOWN WIND SOUND, OFF)

CONSTANCE:

What was that?

DOCTOR:

(URGENTLY) Shh! Something's coming. — Get down, behind this digger!

(FX: MOAN CONTINUES, GETTING CLOSER)

CONSTANCE:

There's something in the snowstorm.

DOCTOR:

Yes, and it's coming closer...!

(FX: ANOTHER MOAN...)

SCENE 16: INT. CORRIDOR/SECURE STOREROOM

(FX: MACHT, ZETTERLING & DA COSTA JOG TO HALT. DOOR UNLOCKING & SLIDING OPEN THROUGH:)

MACHT:

I guess you've seen the weather report, "Doctor". Your people have made their play but they've left you behind—

(FX: HOWLING WIND THROUGH OPEN WINDOW)

ZETTERLING:

They've gone, Hugo.

MACHT:

Gone! How can they be gone?

DA COSTA:

(STEPPING IN) The bars on the window — they've been melted...!

MACHT:

(ANGRILY TO DA COSTA) Why did you leave them in here with something that could do that?

DA COSTA:

I didn't! This is a food store, there's nothing in here that could melt those bars.

ZETTERLING:

There's a stack of empty containers here... (FX: CLINKING GLASS BOTTLES & JARS) Pasta sauce, vinegar, lemon juice, lots of salt, sodas and pickles.

DA COSTA:

All that lot would give you is a serious heartburn!

ZETTERLING:

Exactly. They all have a high acidic P.H. value. The Doctor's used them to make some kind of corrosive paste.

MACHT:

Oh, come on now!

ZETTERLING:

He's gutted a microwave oven here. I guess that somehow he found a way to agitate the compound he'd spread on the bars.

MACHT:

What?!

ZETTERLING:

That's brilliant. That's actually brilliant.

DA COSTA:

I'm going out there to find them.

MACHT:

You'll do no such thing.

DA COSTA:

They'll freeze to death if I don't.

MACHT:

Their choice.

DA COSTA:

Seriously, they'll die out there! (EXITS)

MACHT:

(CALLING AFTER) Major! Major Da Costa!

ZETTERLING:

Let him go, Hugo. If we do nothing, we've as good as killed them. How's that going to look on the news? Who'd be the bad guy then?

SCENE 17: EXT. TERRAFORMER FACILITY

(FX: BLIZZARD. SWIRLING MOAN RECEDES)

CONSTANCE:

What is that?

DOCTOR:

I can't see for the whiteout. But whatever it is... it's going. Quickly, now's our chance!

CONSTANCE:

Doctor, wait! We can't just charge blindly into a blizzard.

DOCTOR:

We can't just sit here and freeze!

CONSTANCE:

There's some kind of structure, off to our right. A hut, I think!

DOCTOR:

You're right. Well spotted, Constance!

CONSTANCE:

Come on.

(FX: FOLLOW THEM AS THEY CRUNCH HEAVILY THROUGH SNOW, QUICK AS THEY CAN)

CONSTANCE:

What was that, back there? I couldn't see anything, but —

DOCTOR:

But you knew it was there? Some presence you couldn't quite perceive?

CONSTANCE:

Exactly!

DOCTOR:

I don't know. (COMING TO HALT) Here we are...!

(FX: DOCTOR TRIES DOOR — IT'S FROZEN SHUT)

CONSTANCE:

The door's frozen shut!

DOCTOR:

Much as I hate to resort to brute force —

DOCTOR & CONSTANCE:

(BOTH SHOVE HARD ON DOOR...)

(FX: WHICH BURSTS OPEN. DOCTOR & CONSTANCE TUMBLE INTO:)

SCENE 18: INT. PREFAB [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: METAL CORRUGATED PREFAB HUT. DOCTOR & CONSTANCE STUMBLE IN)

DOCTOR:

(PUSHES THE DOOR SHUT WITH EFFORT)

CONSTANCE:

Thank goodness! Just to be out of the wind is such a relief.

DOCTOR:

We can't just sit it out. Something very wrong is happening here...!

CONSTANCE:

That inscription in the barrow – ice, war and death.

DOCTOR:

(CROSSING TO WINDOW) All rather ominous, wasn't it? (FX: FINGERS GAP IN ROLLERS OF METAL BLIND) (SPOTS SOMETHING OUTSIDE) Hello...

CONSTANCE:

What is it?

DOCTOR:

Look out of the window, Constance. What's wrong with this picture?

CONSTANCE:

All I see is snow, snow and more s— no, wait! The snow's falling sideways!

DOCTOR:

Bending in the air, like iron filings drawn towards a magnet.

CONSTANCE:

But drawn to what, exactly?

CROSS TO:

SCENE 19: EXT. TERRAFORMER FACILITY [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: BLIZZARD)

DA COSTA:

(CALLING) Doctor! Mrs Clarke! Are you there?! Doctor!!!

CROSS BACK TO:

SCENE 20: INT. PREFAB [CONTINUOUS]

CONSTANCE:

Major!

DOCTOR:

He can't stay out there.

(FX: DOCTOR OPENS DOOR. BLIZZARD RAGING OUTSIDE)

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) Major! Major Da Costa! Over here!

DA COSTA:

(OFF) Doctor? Where are you?

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) Follow my voice. This way! Come on!

(FX: SWIRLING MOAN AGAIN – OVER NOISE OF THE STORM)

DOCTOR:

Oh, no.

CONSTANCE:

That noise again!

CROSS TO:

SCENE 21: EXT. TERRAFORMER FACILITY [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: BLIZZARD. ANOTHER MONSTROUS MOAN, CLOSE BY)

DA COSTA:

What the...?

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Major – run! Run for your life!

(FX: FOLLOW THE MAJOR AS HE RUN-STUMBLES TOWARDS HUT. MOAN PICKS UP PACE, FOLLOWING HIM)

DA COSTA:

(BREATHING HARD – BIG EFFORT)

CROSS BACK TO:

SCENE 22: INT. PREFAB [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: DOOR OPEN. BLIZZARD OUTSIDE)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Nearly there, Major!

DA COSTA:

(EFFORT, STUMBLING TO DOOR) Am I glad to see you! For a moment there I thought there was something on my t[ail-]

CONSTANCE:

Behind you!

(FX: HUGE MONSTROUS MOAN, BEHIND MAJOR)

DA COSTA:

What the h- (SCREAMS AS HE'S SNATCHED AWAY BY A HUGE MONSTROUS ARM) Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-!

CONSTANCE:

The snowstorm, it took him. It was like the snowstorm itself just reached out and took him!

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) You thought there was a monster in the snowstorm. Don't you see, Constance - the monster is the snowstorm!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Nearly there, Major!

DA COSTA:

(EFFORT, STUMBLING TO DOOR) Am I glad to see you! For a moment there I thought there was something on my t[ail-]

CONSTANCE:

Behind you!

(FX: HUGE MONSTROUS MOAN, BEHIND MAJOR)

DA COSTA:

What the h-

(FX: CROSS IMMEDIATELY TO:)

SCENE 23: INT. SECURE STOREROOM [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: DA COSTA'S SCREAM FROM SC 22 HEARD FAINTLY THROUGH OPEN WINDOW, CARRIED ON THE WIND)

DA COSTA:

(SCREAMS AS HE'S SNATCHED AWAY BY A HUGE MONSTROUS ARM)
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-!

ZETTERLING:

Did you hear that, Hugo?

(FX: STARTS TOWARDS DOOR)

MACHT:

How could I not? - Hey, where are you going?

ZETTERLING:

(URGENTLY) Come on. It might be the Major? He might be in trouble?

MACHT:

So? You us want to run out blindly into a blizzard towards the source of that frankly terrifying scream?

ZETTERLING:

He could be injured! He could have fallen in the snow, or -

MACHT:

... or maybe our clown friend turned nasty. – You're a scientist, Lisa. Isn't it logical to try and stay out of harm's way until help arrives?

ZETTERLING:

We are the help! I'm not going to stand by and do nothing while someone's in distress! So, let's go!

SCENE 24: INT. PREFAB/EXT. TERRAFORMER FACILITY

(FX: DOOR OPEN. BLIZZARD OUTSIDE)

CONSTANCE:

(WHISPER) Doctor –

DOCTOR:

(WHISPER) Wait. Don't move. Don't even breathe!

(FX: ANOTHER DEEP MOAN. THIS TIME, DISTANT)

DOCTOR:

Whatever it is, it's moved on, I think.

CONSTANCE:

But what about the Major? Why did it attack the Major, and not us?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. (THINKING) Unless...

CONSTANCE:

I can hear your cogs whirring.

DOCTOR:

... unless it had some kind of use for him. But what would a snowstorm want with the – [Major]

(FX: SUDDEN CLATTERING ON THE ROOF OF THE HUT – THE MAJOR'S SKELETON BEING THROWN, HITTING CORRUGATED METAL)

CONSTANCE:

(GASPS) That was the roof! What –

DOCTOR:

Ssh!

(FX: SKELETON SLIDES OFF ROOF AND CLATTERS TO GROUND, OUTSIDE DOOR)

CONSTANCE:

A skeleton?!

(FX: DOCTOR & CONSTANCE STEP JUST OUTSIDE DOOR OF HUT)

DOCTOR:

Five feet eleven, heavy build... the discarded remains of Major Da Costa, I presume. The flesh abraded from the bones – see, they're smooth, polished even. Well, I suppose that answers my question.

CONSTANCE:

The snowstorm took his flesh?

DOCTOR:

If it's any consolation, I imagine it was extremely quick.

CONSTANCE:

Dead is dead, Doctor. [There's precious little consolation to be had from that.]

(FX: OVER THIS, ZETTERLING & MACHT APPROACHING, STUMBLING THROUGH SNOW)

ZETTERLING:

Dead? Who's dead?

DOCTOR:

Oh, it's you two. – Major Da Costa, I'm afraid.

MACHT:

(TO ZETTERLING) They've killed him!

CONSTANCE:

Don't be absurd!

ZETTERLING:

Was that really the Major?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid so.

CONSTANCE:

The snowstorm is alive. At least, that's what the Doctor thinks.

MACHT:

Now who's being absurd?

DOCTOR:

I realise it sounds incredible, but that's what we've observed.

MACHT:

They're lying, Lisa! They murdered him! It's obvious!

ZETTERLING:

Obvious, really?

MACHT:

More obvious than saying a killer blizzard did it!

ZETTERLING:

So you're saying that between the time the Major left us until now, they murdered him and in the process, stripped his bones clean without getting so much as spot of blood on their clothing – or anywhere about, for that matter?

MACHT:

I – I guess not.

DOCTOR:

Might I suggest we debate this elsewhere? Somewhere we're less likely to freeze to death, or have the flesh stripped from our bones?

CONSTANCE:

Not this hut. Somewhere solid and secure.

ZETTERLING:

I know just the place.

(FX: QUICK FADE)

SCENE 25: INT. WAREHOUSE

(FX: HEAVY CORRUGATED DOOR SLID OPEN. HOWLING WIND OUTSIDE)

ZETTERLING:

(STRAINING AS SHE PUSHES THE HEAVY DOOR) This is the heavy plant store.

DOCTOR:

Yes, we're very well acquainted with your diggers already.

MACHT:

Just get in, will you?

CONSTANCE:

With pleasure.

(FX: 4 X PEOPLE ENTER QUICKLY. HEAVY DOOR PUSHED SHUT. HOWLING WINDS CUTS OFF)

ZETTERLING:

A lot of the construction equipment is custom made, [so we]

BRYCE:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Hello? Who's that? Who's there?

MACHT:

Who's that saying 'who's that'?

BRYCE:

Dr Macht? Professor Zetterling? What're you doing here?
I thought everyone had gone. I tried my best to stop them, but they wouldn't listen.

DOCTOR:

Ah, it's Bryce Foreman!

MACHT:

Who?

ZETTERLING:

Bryce. He's the foreman of the phase six development.

CONSTANCE:

Foreman Bryce, Doctor. Not Bryce Foreman.

DOCTOR:

I know. Hello again, Foreman Bryce! – You wouldn't happen to have my TARDIS squirrelled away in here, by any chance?

BRYCE:

TARDIS?

DOCTOR:

Big blue box. Light on top. Sore thumb, sticks out like a.

BRYCE:

Oh, that. It's still at the site, so far as I know.

DOCTOR:

Pity, it would have made everything considerably easier.

MACHT:

Why? What is it?

DOCTOR:

My ship.

MACHT:

That you travel through time and space in?

DOCTOR:

It's all in the name: Time And Relative Dimensions In Space.

CONSTANCE:

Is that what it stands for?

DOCTOR:

I never told you?

CONSTANCE:

No.

DOCTOR:

How very remiss of me.

MACHT:

There's no such thing! This is insane! You're all insane!

DOCTOR:

Dr Macht – what are you a doctor of, exactly? Histrionics?
If you're going to have a hissy fit, do it quietly in a corner,
there's a good chap.

MACHT:

(LUNGING AT DOCTOR) Why, you –

CONSTANCE:

(LOUDLY) Might I suggest we assess the situation in a more calm
and sober fashion?

ZETTERLING:

Good idea! – Leave him be, Hugo.

BRYCE:

What does she mean, 'assess the situation'?

DOCTOR:

Allow me to fill you in, Mr Bryce. Ironic, considering you nearly filled me in permanently an hour or two ago –

MACHT:

Get on with it!

DOCTOR:

What we have here is a chain of events. One: My TARDIS was struck by the pulse of Artron energy that led Mrs Clarke and I here. Two: We materialised inside a Viking tumulus in the middle of Arizona, which is a mystery in itself. Certain enigmatic runes therein made mention of 'ice and death', which brings us to –

ZETTERLING:

Three! The blizzard with a bad attitude?

DOCTOR:

Correct, and at a guess I'd say it's drawing substance from your terraforming engine.

MACHT:

Well, how?

DOCTOR:

I must confess, that piece of the jigsaw eludes me for now. I'm missing something, but what?

CONSTANCE:

Well, yes – there is something missing.

DOCTOR:

Thank you, Mrs Clarke, we'd established that.

CONSTANCE:

I meant, the something that we know is missing? (SIGH) The Viking chieftain's shield, missing from his tomb?

ZETTERLING:

(QUIETLY) The shield...?

DOCTOR:

The Chieftain's shield, of course! Put them all together, and what do you get?

(FX: FROM OUTSIDE, AND ABOVE – A DEEP BASS MOAN)

MACHT:

Trouble!

DOCTOR:

Well spotted Dr Macht, there's hope you yet!

(FX: LOUD HAMMERING ON THE ROOF BY SNOW MONSTER, CONTINUING THROUGH:)

CONSTANCE:

It's on the roof. It's found us!

BRYCE:

We'll be okay. That there roof's made from reinforced carbon threaded steel. It can withstand a beating.

DOCTOR:

But not the intense cold. Coupled with the punishment it's taking, it'll soon turn brittle and –

(FX: SHRIEKING METAL AS THE ROOF IS TORN OPEN)

DOCTOR:

Sometimes I hate being right.

(FX: ROOF PULLED BACK. GIANT MONSTER MOANS. CLOSE)

CONSTANCE:

Doctor, it's a man. It's in the shape of a man!

DOCTOR:

Yes. I'd say it's used the Major's flesh to build itself a corporeal form.

BRYCE:

(SCARED & INCREDULOUS) What is that?

MACHT:

Don't know. Don't care. Don't intend on hanging around long enough to find out either. Is there another way out of here?

BRYCE:

Sure, far side of the hangar. Next to the office.

DOCTOR:

It's coming after us. All of you, run!

(FX: FOLLOW ALL x 5 AS THEY RUN. BEHIND THEM, GIANT SNOW MONSTER JUMPS TO GROUND. ROARS. STOMPS TO A HEAVY TRACTOR... AND FLINGS IT ASIDE)

BRYCE:

(RUNNING) T-that was a five ton back-hoe. It threw it like it was nothing!

MACHT:

(RUNNING) You're upset? I paid for it!

(FX: MONSTER MOANS)

CONSTANCE:

(RUNNING TO HALT) The door! There's no handle!

DOCTOR:

It needs a pass key.

BRYCE:

Aw, no...!

CONSTANCE:

A what?

BRYCE:

(RUSHING OFF) Hold on there, fellas...

DOCTOR:

Where's he going...?

(FX: SNOW MONSTER MOANS, STOMPS TOWARDS THEM)

ZETTERLING:

Hugo, pass key? – You own these thousand acres, you must have a universal key!

MACHT:

Never needed one, there's always been someone about!

ZETTERLING:

You're an idiot!

(FX: OFF – TRACTOR ENGINE REVS INTO LIFE)

BRYCE:

(SHOUTING) It's alright, I got it covered!

CONSTANCE:

Mr Bryce, what do you think you're doing with that tractor?

BRYCE:

Openin' that door! Out of my way, I'm comin' through...!

(FX: GUNS TRACTOR TOWARDS DOOR)

DOCTOR:

You heard the man – scatter!

(FX: 4 x BODIES RUSH ASIDE AS TRACTOR SMASHES INTO DOOR,
TEARING IT OFF ITS HINGES – CRASH!)

MACHT:

He's done it! Go on through, go!

(FX: SNOW MONSTER BELLOWS. 4 x BODIES RUSH THROUGH, OUT TO:)

SCENE 26: EXT. WAREHOUSE [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: BLIZZARD. ZETTERLING, MACHT, CONSTANCE & DOCTOR PILE THROUGH TO HALT)

[NB: ALL BREATHLESS]

DOCTOR:

The tractor will hold it up for a few moments. – Don't stop, we have to keep moving!

CONSTANCE:

Wait, where's Mr Bryce?

MACHT:

With the tractor.

(FX: FROM INSIDE – SNOW MONSTER MOANING, SMASHING UP TRACTOR)

[NB: WE DON'T HEAR BRYCE; HE SURVIVES...]

CONSTANCE:

Oh no.

ZETTERLING:

The Doctor's right, we have to keep moving!

MACHT:

(FX: RUNNING OFF INTO SNOW) You don't have to tell me...!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AFTER) Dr Macht! It's a white-out! We have to stay together! – The idiot! Professor Zetterling, do you know the way to the phase six excavation site?

ZETTERLING:

The barrow? Sure.

DOCTOR:

Take Mrs Clarke with you, I'll meet you both back at the TARDIS once I've retrieved Dr Macht.

CONSTANCE:

But –

DOCTOR:

Don't argue! (FX: RUNNING OFF) In the words of poor Laurence Oates, "I may be some time..." (AND HE'S GONE)

(FX: SNOW MONSTER MOANS. ANGRY. CLOSE)

ZETTERLING:

Come on, Constance! Run!

(FX: THEY RUN OFF INTO THE BLIZZARD. FADE)

MUSIC SEGUE TO:

SCENE 27: EXT. SNOWSTORM

(FX: FADE UP. HOWLING WIND. CONSTANCE & ZETTERLING RUNNING TO STOP)

ZETTERLING:

(BREATHLESS) It should be here, right here. Where is it?

CONSTANCE:

(BREATHLESS) Don't stop, Professor! Keep going!

ZETTERLING:

Why can't I see it?

CONSTANCE:

You're snowblind, that's why. (SETTING OFF) Come on, it must be a little bit furthaaaaa- (CRIES OUT AS THE GROUND GIVES WAY)

(FX: SLIPPING SCREE. FLUMP! OF SNOWDRIFT COLLAPSING. FOLLOW CONSTANCE AS SHE TUMBLES DOWN INTO:)

SCENE 28: INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER [CONTINUOUS]

CONSTANCE:

(GROANS, GETTING UP)

ZETTERLING:

(OFF) Mrs Clarke! Constance! Are you OK?

CONSTANCE:

(CALLING BACK) No bones broken, I think. Come on in, why don't you?

ZETTERLING:

(CLAMBERING THROUGH) Guess you found the way into the barrow.

CONSTANCE:

I did. I only wish I'd taken a more dignified route. – Ah, there she is. The TARDIS!

ZETTERLING:

(READING) "Police public call box"? Is that it? Your... ship?

CONSTANCE:

Yes. I only wish the Doctor had thought to give me his key.

SCENE 29: INT. RESEARCH BLOCK LOBBY

(FX: EXPLOSIVE CRASH; GLASS DOOR SMASHES. HOWLING WIND FROM OUTSIDE)

MACHT:

(STEPPING THROUGH, CRUNCHING ON GLASS) So much for reinforced glass. Need to look into that.

DOCTOR:

(FOLLOWING) What, pick-axe-proofing? Our want of a universal pass key is the issue here, Dr Macht.

MACHT:

We did lose it, right? That thing in the storm. I'm pretty sure we lost it.

DOCTOR:

Does it make you happy to think that?

MACHT:

Yeah, why?

DOCTOR:

Then hold that happy thought, if it helps. — Where are we, exactly?

MACHT:

R and D building.

DOCTOR:

Ah! Professor Zetterling's domain, I presume? (WALKING OFF, CHECKING DOORS) I wonder...

MACHT:

Yeah, it's Lisa's facility. — Hey, I thought we were just resting up before heading off to this TARDIS of yours...?

DOCTOR:

Of course, of course. (STOPS WALKING) This must be the Professor's personal laboratory!

MACHT:

How did you know?

DOCTOR:

Her name's on the door. (FX: TRIES DOOR, IT'S LOCKED) Locked. You wouldn't care to retrieve that pick-axe, would you...?

SCENE 30: INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

(FX: CONSTANCE SCRABBLING ON GROUND)

CONSTANCE:

It must be somewhere around here...

ZETTERLING:

What are you looking for?

CONSTANCE:

The Doctor's torch... Ah! Here it is!

(FX: SWITCH ON)

ZETTERLING:

That's better.

CONSTANCE:

Yes, I want to take another look at those runes.

ZETTERLING:

Sure. On the dais, right— (GOES QUIET; SHE'S GIVEN HERSELF AWAY)

(BEAT)

CONSTANCE:

I don't recall telling you where they were, Professor.

ZETTERLING:

Sure you did...! You, or the Doctor.

CONSTANCE:

When the Doctor and I first arrived here, this tomb had already been accessed. There were footprints in the dust, a woman's footprints — yours, I presume?

ZETTERLING:

(HESITATES) I...

CONSTANCE:

We won't escape our current predicament by keeping secrets from one another. You've been here before, have you not?

ZETTERLING:

Yes. I didn't mean any harm, I —

CONSTANCE:

So it was you who took the Chieftain's shield, or whatever it was?

ZETTERLING:

A shield, yes.

CONSTANCE:

And where is it now?

ZETTERLING:

Back at the facility. In my laboratory.

SCENE 31: INT. LABORATORY

(FX: SOFTLY BLEEPING INSTRUMENTS. DOCTOR & MACHT LOOKING AROUND)

MACHT:

What are we looking in Lisa's lab for, exactly?

DOCTOR:

Data on your geo-engine would be useful, for one thing. If that storm-creature is drawing substance from it, there may be a way of disconnecting it from the source, or at the very least limiting its growth rate.

MACHT:

That's one thing. And the other?

DOCTOR:

Hello, this plastic sheeting looks to be covering up a large, round object. I wonder what might lie beneath? Oh, I do so love a mystery.

(FX: PLASTIC SHEET PULLED ASIDE, DRAMATICALLY)

DOCTOR:

Et voila!

(FX: SOFT ELECTRONIC HUM FROM DISC)

MACHT:

What is that?

DOCTOR:

You don't know? – Something the same size and shape as a Viking chieftain's shield, recently disinterred from a mysterious burial mound... I presume. Only this is no Viking shield, Dr Macht!

MACHT:

It isn't?

DOCTOR:

No. It's a piece of highly sophisticated extraterrestrial technology.

MACHT:

(SCEPTICAL) Extraterrestrial? As in alien?

DOCTOR:

Yes, and it'd appear that it's been wired up to interface directly with your geo-engine's primary computer system.

MACHT:

The terraformer? – Wait a minute, do you think I've got something to do with this?

DOCTOR:

I daresay you thought you could reverse-engineer this device? It could be worth billions in new technologies. Tens of billions. Trillions!

MACHT:

(SURPRISED) Really?

DOCTOR:

(SARCASTIC) Don't sound so surprised, "Doctor".

MACHT:

Ah, the doctorate's honorary. You can probably tell. I'm no scientist, but I am smart. I have a talent for predicting what people want before they even know it themselves. I'm what you'd call – well, a futurist!

DOCTOR:

Buzzword nonsense!

MACHT:

Don't knock it. I can spot trends, movements and memes in their infancy. I know how to stay ahead of the curve. Where others see risk, I see opportunity.

DOCTOR:

Now, you sound like an advertising executive!

MACHT:

Funnily enough, that's how I started out.

DOCTOR:

That doesn't surprise me in the least. And you've still not convinced me that you had nothing to do with this!

MACHT:

I don't even know what 'that' is. The way it all works is, I have an idea, then I bring in the best scientists, designers and engineers to make it happen. Ten years ago, I had the brainwave of combining trash recycling with 3D printers. Now we're building economic, ergonomic and environmentally friendly homes out of basically, garbage!

DOCTOR:

And the terraforming engine?

MACHT:

What can I say? I'm trying to save the world. After all, it's where my best customers live.

DOCTOR:

(SOFTENING) Dr Macht, I do believe I may have misjudged you.

MACHT:

Yeah, maybe you have. But while we're on the subject of misjudging people: I want to know just what that "shield" is, and what Lisa Zetterling was doing with it?

SCENE 32: INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

ZETTERLING:

A few weeks ago, I was running a preliminary geological survey for the phase six site development when I stumbled across this place. I used echo-sounding gear to find a way inside... and that's when it got really interesting.

CONSTANCE:

You found the shield.

ZETTERLING:

The disc isn't a shield, it's a machine. A piece of technology unlike anything I've ever seen, still operational after more than a thousand years. Goes without saying, it's not of Earthly origin. – Wow. Mrs Clarke, I drop a bombshell like that and you don't even blink!

CONSTANCE:

Go on.

ZETTERLING:

I managed to establish an interface between the device and the main computer. The data coming through was extraordinary. Then Hugo... Dr Macht bought the phase six excavation up ahead of schedule and, well, the rest you know.

CONSTANCE:

So why didn't you tell him what you'd found?

ZETTERLING:

(AGITATED) It's complicated.

CONSTANCE:

That won't do.

ZETTERLING:

It's really complicated.

CONSTANCE:

I've noticed how you call him 'Hugo'. He's more to you than simply your employer, is he not?

ZETTERLING:

(SIGHS) Once, yes, but not any more.

CONSTANCE:

I'm sorry.

ZETTERLING:

Don't be. My choice. He was relieved as I was, I think. He's like a hummingbird, zipping from one idea to the next. He can't settle.

CONSTANCE:

And you... want to settle?

ZETTERLING:

What century did you come from?! – Actually, don't answer that. (SIGHS) Look, Hugo's got everything tied up in the terraformer project. Well, me too. I believe in it. I believe it'll be this planet's salvation. Does that sound stupid?

CONSTANCE:

No, not at all.

ZETTERLING:

He's like a boy. If I'd handed him some shiny alien toy, he'd have been distracted. Plenty of people want this project to fail. Plenty of people want Hugo to fail. I won't let that happen.

CONSTANCE:

So that's why you kept the shield a secret.

ZETTERLING:

I wanted to work out what it was first; that's why I hooked it up to the mainframe, to analyse it properly. But if it turns out that disc, shield, whatever, really has affected the geo-engine... if it's all my fault...

CONSTANCE:

Yes, well – cry over spilt milk all you like, but it seems to me you should have begun your analysis here.

ZETTERLING:

What d'you mean, 'here'?

CONSTANCE:

Right here. The fellows in this barrow may be so much dust and bone, but they still have a story to tell... if one knows how to read it.

SCENE 33: INT. LABORATORY

(FX: DISC HUM AS BEFORE)

DOCTOR:

(TINKERING WITH DISC) Pass me the screwdriver.

MACHT:

This one?

DOCTOR:

No, the other one.

MACHT:

This?

DOCTOR:

No! The other, 'other' one! – Out of my way. It's quicker if I do it myself.

(FX: SORTING THROUGH TOOLS)

DOCTOR:

I miss the old days. When one size fitted all!

MACHT:

I told you, I'm not the handy sort.

DOCTOR:

Handy? I've known comatose molluscs with more technical ability. Now, hold the disc steady. This is the tricky part.

MACHT:

In what way? It's not dangerous is it?

DOCTOR:

Danger is such an emotive term, I find. Let's just say there's an element of uncertainty at play here. This contraption was not built by human hands, but human-ish hands are presently trying to pry it open.

MACHT:

But Lisa got into it okay? To wire it up?

DOCTOR:

Yes, you will persist in referring to her by her forename, not her honorific. I'm no expert in these matters, but your acquaintance seems a little more familiar than just employer and employee...?

MACHT:

(SIGHS) Yeah, we had a connection, once. Not any more.

DOCTOR:

What a pity.

ZETTERLING:

My choice. She was relieved as I was, I think. It would've soured a great working relationship. I'm the dreamer, she's the do-er. We made a good fit.

DOCTOR:

Made? Past tense?

MACHT:

Until she hid this thing from me! I don't get it, it's not like her. Can you get into it?

DOCTOR:

(STRAINING) The Professor made a start with the access ports and so on. However, those were the easy parts. (EXERTING HIMSELF) I find, as in life, the good stuff is always... harder to get at...!

(FX: METAL PLATE IS SUDDENLY PRIED LOOSE. UP DISC HUM)

DOCTOR:

Success!

MACHT:

(PAINED) What's with the coloured lights?

DOCTOR:

That's residual Artron energy. Ah, of course! When the Professor first powered up this disc, she must have accidentally triggered the pulse that brought my TARDIS here!

MACHT:

Whatever, it's giving me a migraine!

DOCTOR:

That light wasn't meant to be viewed by human eyes. Your faculties are only capable of perceiving a fraction of its wavelength.

MACHT:

If you say so.

DOCTOR:

Count yourself lucky. If you could see it all, your eyeballs would be running down your cheeks like soft boiled eggs. As it is, give it a minute and you'll be right as rain.

MACHT:

That's a comfort. So, are you going to tell me what this thing is, exactly?

DOCTOR:

This, my dear Dr Macht, is a transmat booster. A kind of intergalactic bus stop. A way of travelling round the cosmos on the cheap.

MACHT:

A bus stop? Seriously?

DOCTOR:

Absolutely! I'm simplifying, but not everyone ventures into the heavens in enormous great starships. Others have been known to deploy unmanned drones kitted out with these – teleport relay base-stations.

MACHT:

(THINKING) Then these are like... what? Stepping stones? For teleporting between worlds?

DOCTOR:

Between solar systems, galaxies even. Imagine stepping on one here and getting off in say, Alpha Centauri. A pop down to the corner shop, galactically speaking. A very practical and cost effective way to travel.

MACHT:

Except when it goes wrong - right?

DOCTOR:

Very perceptive, Dr Macht. Yes, the disc would appear to have become damaged. Perhaps the drone that was transporting it got knocked off course, and it crashed on Earth?

MACHT:

What, in Viking times?

DOCTOR:

Very possibly. Maybe our Viking friends found it and meddled with it somehow? Whichever way, where their journey should have been instantaneous, some poor soul was trapped inside the transmat matrix for a thousand years or more.

MACHT:

You mean, there's something inside there? Something alive?

DOCTOR:

I said 'was'. It's out now. The codified consciousness of a sentient being, trapped in the buffer of this device. Unable to see or hear or feel, but aware of every passing second of its confinement.

MACHT:

So when Lisa hooked it up to the main computer...

DOCTOR:

It had a way inside your geo-engine. There's been a ghost in your terraforming machine, trying to find a way to build itself a new body. I imagine its home is somewhere cold, given its preference for ice and snow.

MACHT:

But why murder the Major, and Bryce?

DOCTOR:

Its snow form was merely a first step. I daresay it's using their body matter to construct something closer to its own.

MACHT:

But it's not done yet, is it?

DOCTOR:

I doubt that very much. It needs our flesh to reconstitute itself. And after more than a thousand years in limbo... it won't be easily stopped.

SCENE 34: INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

CONSTANCE:

Let's see about these mysterious runes, shall we? (READING) 'To all of those who read my words, heed me [and -']

ZETTERLING:

You can really read that? The Vikings' language?

CONSTANCE:

Apparently so. At first I could only glean snippets, but it's become an awful lot clearer. I presume it takes time for the TARDIS to work its magic.

ZETTERLING:

I don't understand?

CONSTANCE:

It doesn't matter. I may have to paraphrase a little, the author is prone to waffle. Are you sitting comfortably, Professor?

ZETTERLING:

Not really.

CONSTANCE:

I'll begin, all the same. 'To all of those who read my words, heed me and beware:'

(CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 35: VIKING FLASHBACK

(FX: A GENTLY CRACKLING FIRE SITS UNDER HERGER'S NARRATION)

HERGER (NARRATION):

'To all of those who read my words, heed me and beware: I am Herger, son of Wulfrick, grandson of Rithel, last of the high chieftains of the North. My blood, breath and bones now stand watch in this alien soil, so that my people may be spared the evil we have borne here with us.'

(FX: FADE UP HORSE GALLOPING HARD)

HERGER (NARRATION):

'It was five winters past when the rider came to our village from Estvyk. Horse and mount both maddened with fear.'

(FX: HORSE SLOWS AS IT ENTERS VILLAGE – FRIGHTENING CHICKENS ETC)

RIDER:

(SHOUTING) Dead! Dead! All are dead! All dead!

HERGER:

Whoa! Whoa, there!

(FX: HORSE WHINNIES, REARS)

HERGER:

Steady now. Easy.

(FX: SNORTS, STAMPS AND SETTLES)

RIDER:

(BREATHLESS) My Lord Herger. Sire. Everyone in Estvyk is dead. All of them, slaughtered down to the last child. I was in the pasture, fetching in the herd, else I would have been amongst them!

HERGER:

Be calm, man. Find your breath and let your words come true, for I can make no sense of them.

RIDER:

A Jotunn, lord. A frost demon. As tall as a ship is long. I saw it as it vanished into the tree-line. It butchered them all like cattle. Not a beast that could breathe was left standing!

HERGER (NARRATION):

'So it was that I rallied my men to travel to Estvyk, to do battle with this demon.'

HERGER:

(SHOUTING) Mount up! Ride hard! Prepare for battle!

VIKINGS:

(CHEER)

(FX: THEY RIDE OFF AT SPEED. FADE TO:)

HERGER (NARRATION):

'But when we arrived... there was no battle to be had. Estvyk was a ruin, its people stripped of their flesh. White bone in white snow, and no blood on either. Then we heard the beast in the mist, its wailing on the wind.'

(FX: MONSTER'S DISTANT MOAN)

VIKINGS:

(CONSTERNATION) Gods alive! / What was that?! / Merciful heavens!
[ETC]

HERGER:

Steady yourselves! Look, here – this demon leaves a trail even an infant could follow, for it has no fear of us. That shall be its undoing!

(FX: RIDERS SPUR THEIR HORSES ONWARDS)

HERGER (NARRATION):

'We spurred our horses forward, burning anger in our hearts. But when we came upon the demon – standing brazen in a clearing, waiting – the sight of it threatened to steal the courage of even the bravest of us.'

(FX: SNOW MONSTER ROARS. HORSES REAR AND PROTEST)

HERGER:

God's blood!

HERGER (NARRATION):

'It stood ten men tall and half as wide. Armoured in ice and rimed in stolen flesh.'

HERGER:

(SHOUTING) Onwards! To the death! Bring it down!

(FX: SNOW MONSTER ROARS. VIKINGS CHARGE...)

VIKINGS:

(ROAR BACK)

(FX: THEY MEET. SOUNDS OF SLAUGHTER AND MAYHEM ENSUE — HORSES WHINNY IN FEAR, MEN SCREAM AS THEY'RE RIPPED APART. UNDER THIS:)

HERGER (NARRATION):

'None could stand against it. It was as implacable as a mountain and as remorseless as the ocean.'

HERGER:

(SHOUTING) Stand your ground! Keep your nerve! Hold him, damn you! Hold him!!

(FX: SLAUGHTER CONTINUES...)

HERGER (NARRATION):

'Stout heart, broad shield and keen blade availed us naught. It used the very wind as a whip to pare the meat from the bones of men and beast alike, 'til all we could do was turn and run.'

HERGER:

Back! Back! Pull back!!

(FX: SNOW MONSTER ROARS. A FEW SURVIVORS GALLOP AWAY. FADE TO:)

HERGER (NARRATION):

'Village after village fell as it moved across the land, a swathe of white death. No mortal means could bring it low, so in desperation I sought out the Volva, the oracle, the speaker of the dead.'

ORACLE:

So, has the mighty chieftain met his match in the stormbringer? He wonders how can he defeat a foe who does not fear spear or sword? What is to be done, hm?

HERGER:

I consult one who is wiser than I. Tell me, how can I kill that which cannot be killed?

ORACLE:

(CHUCKLES) The Jotun is a beast like any other. You shall know it by its spoor. What it leaves behind may choke it yet. Look to the bones, the bones of the sea for your weapon!

HERGER (NARRATION):

'And so it came to be. Where the beast had turned our weapons aside, the bones of the sea petrified its form, turning it to stone —'

(FX: SNOW MONSTER CALCIFYING. AGONISED ROAR. CRACKING)

HERGER (NARRATION):

... and a stone may be broken – by a hammer!’

(FX: MIGHTY HAMMER SMASHING STONE – THE CREATURE BROKEN. FADE TO:)

HERGER (NARRATION):

‘I asked the Oracle if such a thing could truly die? Could its spectre rise again from the ice and snow? [The question was from whence did it come; and the answer lay where it all began, back in...’]

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 36: INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

CONSTANCE:

(READING) 'The question was from whence did it come; and the answer lay where it all began, back in—'

ZETTERLING:

(URGENTLY) Mrs Clarke! Constance!!

CONSTANCE:

Professor?

ZETTERLING:

The storm!

CONSTANCE:

What about it?

ZETTERLING:

It sounds different.

(FX: STORM. RUSH OF WIND. AS IF INHALING)

ZETTERLING:

It's... it's like...

(FX: STORM. RUSH OF WIND. AS IF EXHALING)

CONSTANCE:

It's breathing!

ZETTERLING:

(PANICKING) The creature! It's outside!

(FX: SNOW MONSTER MOANS, JUST OUTSIDE. BEGINS CLAWING AT THE BARROW. DIGGING)

ZETTERLING:

It's trying to dig us out!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE:

ZETTERLING:

(PANICKING) The creature! It's outside!

(FX: SNOW MONSTER MOANS, JUST OUTSIDE. BEGINS CLAWING AT THE BARROW. DIGGING)

ZETTERLING:

It's trying to dig us out!

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 37: INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER [CONTINUOUS]

CONSTANCE:

Get back! Move back!

ZETTERLING:

Where to? There's nowhere to go!

(FX: STILL CLAWING, MONSTER ROARS — NOW CLOSER)

SCENE 38: INT. LABORATORY

(FX: AS BEFORE. DISC HUM FLUCTUATES AS DOCTOR TINKERS WITH IT)

DOCTOR:

You know, this transmat booster really is a fascinating piece of technology...

MACHT:

(HEFTING PICKAXE) Sure it is, Doc. Now stand aside.

DOCTOR:

Dr Macht? I admit, I'm not making much progress with a simple screwdriver. But I doubt a pick-axe will be any improvement!

MACHT:

My lab, my project, my call. I'm going to smash that thing to pieces and end all this!

DOCTOR:

And most likely end yourself in the process! Have you any idea of the energies contained in this device?

MACHT:

Uh...

DOCTOR:

I need this disc intact and connected to the computer. Hopefully, it'll help me communicate with whoever was trapped inside it.

MACHT:

Talk to it? What for? It's a monster! It's killed two people already. It'll be us next!

DOCTOR:

No. It's like an animal with its paw caught in a trap. We are morally beholden to release it.

MACHT:

If it's so blinded by pain, do you really think it'll stop to differentiate between friend and foe?

DOCTOR:

Possibly not, but I'm bound to try. Besides, the creature's avatar is well on the way to being self-sustaining now. Destroying the disc would achieve precisely nothing – so put the pick-axe down, there's a good chap?

SCENE 39: INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

(FX: SNOW MONSTER ROARS. CLOSE. CLAWS AT THE BARROW. DIGGING. CONTINUES THROUGH:)

ZETTERLING:

It... it's not snow anymore! It has arms and claws and teeth!

CONSTANCE:

All the better to eat us with, I dare say. (A THOUGHT) Were there guard dogs here, at the facility?

ZETTERLING:

Uh, yeah.

CONSTANCE:

Not any more.

ZETTERLING:

You mean...? – We have to find a way out of here!

CONSTANCE:

Professor Zetterling, much as I hate to reprove an educated woman, your continued stating of the blindingly obvious is becoming not a little tiresome.

ZETTERLING:

I'm sorry. I never meant for any of this to happen.

CONSTANCE:

So you keep saying, and yet here we are! – You found your way into this tomb once before. How?

ZETTERLING:

There was a tunnel at the back. No more than a crawlspace.

CONSTANCE:

Show me.

ZETTERLING:

It's no good, it's somewhere under that snowdrift!

(FX: SNOW MONSTER ROARS)

CONSTANCE:

Then I suggest we start digging!

SCENE 40: INT. LABORATORY

(FX: DOCTOR WORKING ON HUMMING DISC)

MACHT:

You really think you can use that disc to talk to that monster? Convince it not to kill anyone else?

DOCTOR:

Nanites from your geo-engine gave the creature form, but that form is unstable. My theory is, if I can adjust the flow of data from the disc to the geo-engine, the nanites themselves will help stabilise the creature; and hopefully give it back its self-control. Presuming it had any to start with, of course.

MACHT:

(NONPLUSSED) Okay. – But can you get it to work?

DOCTOR:

Not if you keep interrupting me, no!

MACHT:

Can I help, though?

DOCTOR:

I don't know, can you? – Look, if you want to be useful, go and keep watch.

(FX: MACHT CROSSES TO THE WINDOW WHILE THE DOCTOR WORKS)

(BEAT)

MACHT:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) No sign of the creature through the window...
(COMING BACK) That's gotta be good, right?

DOCTOR:

Not really. It's probably busy chasing after Mrs Clarke and Professor Zetterling.

MACHT:

How can you say that so matter-of-factly?!

DOCTOR:

Because it is a matter of fact. This facility has been evacuated. There's no-one else present for the creature to focus its attention on, except them and us. The creature isn't here, therefore –

MACHT:

Are you saying that they're dead?

DOCTOR:

If they were, the creature would no doubt be searching for us. Since it isn't, most likely they're still giving it the runaround.

MACHT:

You've got a cold heart, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Two, actually, and beating my breast will achieve little. Constance and the Professor are best served by my finishing my work. — Which... I believe I have done. Yes.

MACHT:

So what happens now?

DOCTOR:

We bring it here, for a nice little chat.

MACHT:

How?

DOCTOR:

By attracting its attention, of course. Sending it a signal.

MACHT:

What, like throwing a rock at a hornets' nest?

DOCTOR:

Good heavens, no, Dr Macht.

(FX: FLIPS SWITCHES AND TYPES ON KEYBOARD)

DOCTOR:

It'll be considerably worse!

SCENE 41: INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

(FX: SNOW MONSTER ROARS. LOUDER THAN EVER NOW. BITS OF ROCK FALLING. CLOSER TO, ZETTERLING AND CONSTANCE ARE DIGGING AT THE WALL)

ZETTERLING:

(FRANTIC) I can't find it! It should be right here, behind one of these stones in the wall, but I can't find it! I'm sorry –

CONSTANCE:

It doesn't matter now, the monster's almost through. All we can do, when it comes for us, is split up.

ZETTERLING:

Seriously?!

CONSTANCE:

That way we'll each have a fifty-fifty chance of escaping. Agreed? – Agreed?

ZETTERLING:

I suppose. Yes... yes.

(FX: SNOW MONSTER TEARS OPEN THE BARROW. ROARS. ALMOST NEXT TO THEM)

ZETTERLING:

Oh, my God –

CONSTANCE:

(SHOUTING OVER ROAR) It's through! Get ready to run!

(FX: ROAR CUT OFF BY SHRILL STATIC NOISE ALL AROUND. SNOW MONSTER ROARS IN PAIN)

CONSTANCE & ZETTERLING:

(BOTH CRY OUT, TOO)

(FX: NOISE SUDDENLY STOPS. SNOW MONSTER STOMPS AWAY FROM BARROW)

CONSTANCE:

The creature's going. Back towards the facility, I think.

ZETTERLING:

But what was that terrible sound?

CONSTANCE:

If I had to guess, I'd say... something to do with the Doctor?

SCENE 42: INT. LABORATORY

(FX: DISC HUM RECEDING)

MACHT:

(PAINED, BRIEFLY DEAFENED) What was that noise, Doctor? What did you do?

DOCTOR:

Remember all those nanites zipping around in the atmosphere, Dr Macht? I set them to vibrate at ten thousand times their normal rate.

MACHT:

It was like I had a swarm of grasshoppers on a caffeine buzz, right inside my brain!

DOCTOR:

Quite mild compared to what our friend must have felt. He'll be on his way here now, to the source of the distraction. I suggest you keep an [eye out.]

(FX: OFF, FROM OUTSIDE ROOM, SOMEONE APPROACHING, CRUNCHING ON BROKEN GLASS)

MACHT:

Ssh! (SOTTO, ALARMED) There's someone outside now!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) It can't be the creature. Not so soon!

MACHT:

(SOTTO) Where'd I put that pick-axe?!

(FX: BROKEN DOOR PUSHED OPEN)

BRYCE:

(ENTERING) Don't move, neither of you!

DOCTOR:

Mr Bryce?! It's perfectly safe, you can put the pistol down.

BRYCE:

(POINTING GUN) Get back! Back! Or I swear, I'll shoot you both!

SCENE 43: INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

ZETTERLING:

What could the Doctor have done to draw that thing away? I hope it wasn't nothing stupid or dangerous...

CONSTANCE:

Going by past experience, I'd say probably both.

ZETTERLING:

Whatever, that thing knows where we are. We should go while we got the chance.

CONSTANCE:

Not yet. I want to read the rest of Chief Herger's story first.

ZETTERLING:

Seriously?!

CONSTANCE:

The Doctor would want us to. Any scrap of information, no matter how inconsequential it seems, could be useful.

(FX: ZETTERLING FOLLOWS CONSTANCE OVER TO DAIS)

ZETTERLING:

Okay, let's hear it. Got to admit, I'm kinda intrigued.

CONSTANCE:

All right, where were we? – Yes, here we are. (READING) 'I asked the Oracle if such a thing could truly die? Could its spectre rise again from the ice and snow? [The question was from whence did it come; and the answer lay where it all began, back in...']

CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 44: VIKING FLASHBACK

(FX: CRACKLING FIRE B/G AS BEFORE)

HERGER (NARRATION):

'The question was from whence did it come; and the answer lay where it all began, back in Estvyk.'

ORACLE:

And what did you find, my Lord, in that village of the dead? What was it that let slip this doom upon the land?

HERGER:

The digging of a well. It seems the villagers had unearthed a wheel-shaped tabernacle of light. A cold light – blue, not red, that burned without heat. Countless flickering points, like sunlight on a frozen lake.

ORACLE:

A gateway to Jotunheim! A portal to one of the nine realms!

HERGER:

They had taken it to the blacksmith. They sought to prise it open with hammer and tongs... and it proved to be their undoing. Even so, my own first instinct was to destroy such an unnatural thing, but who knows what further terrors it might have unleashed?

ORACLE:

You chose wisely to stay your hand. There is but one course of action for you now. You must take the accursed object far from here, and bury it in the distant wilds where it will do no harm. All who go must have sons to leave behind and bear their name, for they will not return alive.

HERGER:

So be it. I will lead them, and my son shall rule in my stead. I would ask of no man that which I would not do myself. As the people serve their Chieftain, so he serves them.

(FX: CROSSFADE TO: STORM-TOSSED SEA. CREAKING SHIP'S TIMBERS. WIND IN SAILS)

HERGER (NARRATION):

'So it was we that ventured west, sailing farther than any Northman, across endless seas to a far green shore.'

VIKING SAILOR:

(CALLING) Land ho...!

(FX: CROSS TO: A PARTY OF SEVEN VIKINGS ON HORSEBACK, TROTTING ACROSS AN ARID EXPANSE. WHEELING VULTURES OVERHEAD)

HERGER (NARRATION):

'Once there, we plied rivers and courses inland, thence on horseback. Crossing mountain, vale and pasture, all the while watched by the red men who dwelt there. They let us pass unhindered, as if sensing the dread cargo we carried.'

(FX: CROSS TO: WAILING DESERT WIND)

HERGER (NARRATION):

'In the long watches of the night, the wheel whispered, the vile spirits within chafing against their confinement.'

TALESSH:

(SPECTRAL WHISPERS – NEED NOT BE COMPREHENSIBLE) We must be free. We shall be free. We will be free.

(FX: CROSS BACK TO CRACKLING FIRE B/G:)

HERGER (NARRATION):

'Finally, we reached a vast, dry plain, under a burning sun. Here the Jotunn's icy form could not prevail. And so here we have buried it – along with ourselves, for sickness, injury and starvation had winnowed our company, myself included. We set us ourselves into this desert soil, our spirits to stand eternal sentinel over our monstrous charge...'

CROSS BACK TO:

SCENE 45: INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

CONSTANCE:

(READING) 'For from this tomb, we shall hold fast the safety of the world.' – Good Lord, that's quite extraordinary. Those poor, brave pioneers.

ZETTERLING:

Spirits.

CONSTANCE:

I beg your pardon, Professor?

ZETTERLING:

'The vile spirits within the wheel.' Don't you see, Constance? Spirits, plural.

CONSTANCE:

You're right. We have to find the Doctor and tell him about this, now!

SCENE 46: INT. LABORATORY

MACHT:

Bryce, you moron! What do you think you're doing, pointing that thing at me? Hell, I'm your boss!

BRYCE:

You just keep your hands where I can see them, Dr Macht!

DOCTOR:

This is no way to resolve an industrial dispute. Mr Bryce, I'm relieved to see you alive and er, reasonably well, [but]

BRYCE:

What, after you left me for dead?!

MACHT:

That wasn't what happened, Bryce!

DOCTOR:

He's right. Mr Bryce, we looked back into the warehouse but you'd gone. In the circumstances, it seemed almost certain that the creature had got you.

BRYCE:

Ah, it turned the tractor over with me inside. All the lights went out, and when I came round you'd abandoned me!

DOCTOR:

Ah. That bout of unconsciousness, I'd suggest, is the thing that saved you. – That is a nasty gash on your forehead, perhaps I could take a look?

BRYCE:

Get back! – See, when I was laying there bleeding in the dark, that's when I worked it all out.

MACHT:

Worked all what out?

BRYCE:

Where is it now, your monster – Dr Macht?

MACHT:

My monster?

BRYCE:

Of course, your monster! You think I don't know what you're doing here? You think I don't know what's really going on?

MACHT:

Uh...

BRYCE:

Your monster got free, didn't it?! Your abomination! It escaped and now it's running wild. You've lost control of it, ain't you?

DOCTOR:

(REALISES WHERE BRYCE IS GOING) Oh, I see...!

BRYCE:

What happens when it gets off this base? When it heads into town? What then? How much more blood are you gonna have on your hands then?

MACHT:

What are you talking about, man?

DOCTOR:

If I may? I believe Mr Bryce imagines this installation is not what it appears to be – and that instead of saving the Earth, you are in fact making monsters, is that right?

MACHT:

Well, why would I want to do that?

BRYCE:

Super-soldiers, I guess! Yeah, super-soldiers! I never bought into that hippy-drippy eco-stuff for one minute! It's for the Government, right? Gotta be for the Government. That's why you're doin' it way out here in the middle of nowhere, so no-one'll notice and you can cover it up if something goes wrong?

DOCTOR:

Mr Bryce, you couldn't be further from the truth.

BRYCE:

(SHOUTING) Shut up! Don't talk to me about truth! I've seen the truth out there, an' I ain't gonna let it get paved over, buried or bought off!

DOCTOR:

Please, put down the gun and I'll explain.

MACHT:

Where'd you get the gun, anyway? I won't have guns here.

DOCTOR:

Isn't this Arizona? I thought they gave them away with breakfast cereal.

BRYCE:

Shut up! Just shut up! (PAINED) I can't... can't think straight...

DOCTOR:

Mr Bryce, much as I admire your gusto, I feel I must point out that the not insignificant contusion on your forehead and its attendant blood loss may well have skewed your current worldview!

BRYCE:

(PUZZLED) What?

(FX: CRUNCHING OF GLASS IN CORRIDOR BEYOND – THE MONSTER APPROACHING)

MACHT:

What the Doctor's telling you, you moron, is you're delirious!

BRYCE:

Delirious, am I? Delirious? I'll – I'll give you delirious, Dr Macht...!

DOCTOR:

Er, Mr Bryce – I strongly advise you walk this way. Quickly!

MACHT:

(REALISATION) It's behind you, Bryce...!

BRYCE:

Is that the best you've got? You must think I was born yesterday!

DOCTOR:

Listen to us, I beg you! Bryce!!!

(FX: MONSTER ROARS BEHIND BRYCE)

BRYCE:

Holy – (SCREAMS AS THE MONSTER FLATTENS HIM)

MACHT:

Quick, Doctor – while it's distracted, let's get out of here!

DOCTOR:

No! This may be the only chance we get to communicate with the creature. (FX: TYPING INTO COMPUTER KEYBOARD) I just need to realign the interface first...

MACHT:

This had better work, Doctor...!

(FX: SNOW MONSTER FINISHES WITH BRYCE, TURNS AND ROARS)

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING AT SNOW MONSTER) That's quite enough of that, thank you very much!

(FX: SNOW MONSTER'S ROAR REDUCES TO AN INQUISITIVE GROWL)

DOCTOR:

Yes. You're beginning to understand me now, aren't you? Just listen, listen to me. I am not your enemy. I'm here to help.

(FX: SNOW MONSTER GROWLS AGAIN)

MACHT:

I don't think it cares!

DOCTOR:

But first, first what I need you to do is touch the disc. You remember the disc, don't you? I've adjusted it, it's now a two-way feed to the geo-engine. Nanites are now repairing the disc. So if you just touch the disc... you'll be repaired too. Do you follow?

MACHT:

Not sure I do.

DOCTOR:

Do be quiet, Dr Macht. (TO CREATURE) That's right. Reach out. Touch the disc. There.

(FX: AT THE MOMENT OF CONTACT, THE DISC HUM SOFTENS. A SORT OF GLITTERY SOUND AS THE NANITES BEGIN TO REPAIR THE CREATURE)

MACHT:

It's changing...!

DOCTOR:

Returning to something more like its natural form. – Hello? How's that? Do you feel any better?

TALESSH:

(FX: STARTS OFF GROWLING WHICH GRADUALLY BECOMES MORE COHERENT BUT THROATY SPEECH) Who... who are you?

DOCTOR:

Funnily enough, I was about to ask you the very same thing!

SCENE 47: EXT. EXCAVATION SITE

(FX: BLIZZARD HAS DROPPED — JUST A LIGHT BREEZE. ZETTERLING & CONSTANCE CRUNCHING ACROSS DEEP SNOW)

ZETTERLING:

At least it's stopped snowing.

CONSTANCE:

Yes, the blizzard has eased, rather. I wonder why.

ZETTERLING:

Still, it's going to take us twice the time to get back, in these snowdrifts. (STOPPING, EXHAUSTED) Guess we didn't think to dress for Arctic conditions this morning. Stupid, huh?!

CONSTANCE:

Best foot forward, Professor.

ZETTERLING:

You just take it all in your stride, don't you? Back there, in the barrow — I've never felt so close to death. I don't know how you kept yourself together. Sure, 'stiff upper lip' and all that, but still...!

CONSTANCE:

I've known people go to war and never return. Or return to homes bombed out in the Blitz. You can weep and wail for all the good it'll do, or you can just — well, get on with it.

ZETTERLING:

The Blitz? — The London Blitz?!

CONSTANCE:

(SHE LET THAT SLIP) Oh, I — I'm afraid so, yes.

ZETTERLING:

Wow. You've either had some awesome work done on that face, or — my God, you really are, aren't you?

CONSTANCE:

(IRRITATED) Really what?

ZETTERLING:

Like the Doctor said. Travellers in time and space!

CONSTANCE:

Did you doubt it?

ZETTERLING:

I guess I didn't think it was possible, but after today, my idea of possible's jumped up a whole other level! That outfit of yours -

CONSTANCE:

My uniform, you mean?

ZETTERLING:

I thought it was some kind of retro thing, but you really are from the nineteen-forties, right?

CONSTANCE:

Professor, we need to plough on!

(FX: BOTH RESUME WALKING)

ZETTERLING:

I guess, however scary it gets, flying around in time and space - it's not W.W. [double-u double-u] Two, right? It's gotta be better than that!

CONSTANCE:

I'm not a deserter, I'll have you know...!

ZETTERLING:

Oh, hell. Sorry... again. I should get that made into a T-shirt, right?

CONSTANCE:

Already the past seems like a long time ago, but I could go back there tomorrow. And I fully intend to, incidentally! Except -

ZETTERLING:

Maybe the day after tomorrow, huh? Or the day after that?

CONSTANCE:

There are certain things I have to do, when I go back. Personal matters to be dealt with.

ZETTERLING:

Like, uh... Mr Clarke?

CONSTANCE:

I said, personal matters!

ZETTERLING:

Hey, you wanted to know all about Hugo and me!

CONSTANCE:

That was different.

ZETTERLING:

Well, I don't see how.

CONSTANCE:

Because... because I'm from the nineteen-forties, and I have an extremely stiff upper lip!

ZETTERLING:

You got me there. Guess we'd better 'plough on', huh?

CONSTANCE:

We'd better!

(FX: THEY STRIDE ON)

SCENE 48: INT. LABORATORY

TALESSH:

(FX: THROATY & FUZZY WITH FEEDBACK BEFORE SETTling DOWN)
I... I...

DOCTOR:

Give it a second. There's no rush. You haven't spoken to anyone in a long time, but it'll come back to you.

TALESSH:

How... long... has it been?

DOCTOR:

I can't say exactly, but the transmat disc has been here on Earth for one thousand years, at least. Why were you in there? What did you come here for?

TALESSH:

(FALTERINGLY) To explore. To study. To survey. I am a scientist. A planetary engineer.

DOCTOR:

Well, isn't that a coincidence? You're in the same line as Dr Macht! – Anything you'd like to ask our friend, Hugo?

MACHT:

(ANGRY) Only why did it kill those men? The Major, and Bryce?

DOCTOR:

(SIGH) Not now...

MACHT:

Yes, now! They died on my watch. I want to know what I'm supposed to tell their families!

TALESSH:

I could not... did not want to go back into the void.

DOCTOR:

Back into the transmat buffer, you mean?

TALESSH:

I had to find a way to stay. The cold was a beginning, but it was not enough. I needed more. I needed... to clothe myself.

MACHT:

So you murdered them for something to wear?!

TALESSH:

I... did not think. I just wanted to be free. To return... home.

DOCTOR:

And where might 'home' be, exactly?

TALESSH:

Ororah, the hollow star.

DOCTOR:

Oh, so you're one of the Talessh. That explains a lot.

MACHT:

Not to me?

DOCTOR:

The Talessh were unique. A techno-psionic race. They could psychically interact with machine intelligences. Imagine thinking your instructions into a computer instead of typing them. That also explains how it could interact so easily with the terraformer's mainframe.

TALESSH:

'Were' unique. — Why... did you say... 'were' unique?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid I have some bad news. Your home world no longer exists. Its star collapsed in on itself round about a thousand years ago.

MACHT:

Tactful.

DOCTOR:

Do shut up, there's a good fellow.

TALESSH:

(GROWING AGITATED) That... cannot be! My nest mate, my offspring... dead!

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry.

TALESSH:

But that is why we came here! To save them! We came to save them all!

SCENE 49: EXT. TERRAFORMER FACILITY

(FX: CONSTANCE & ZETTERLING CRUNCHING TO STOP)

CONSTANCE:

Stop. Professor, wait!

ZETTERLING:

C'mon, we're nearly there.

CONSTANCE:

Look, those must be the creature's footprints. Where are they leading?

ZETTERLING:

Uh... R and D, I guess. My department. (REALISATION) That's where the shield is!

CONSTANCE:

Wait. What do we do when we get there? What do we do if we run into the creature first? Throw snowballs at it?

ZETTERLING:

What do you suggest?

CONSTANCE:

My Doctor may be averse to using weapons, but I'm not.

ZETTERLING:

We can check the security station, but I doubt there'll be any firearms there. Say what you like about Hugo, he does not like guns in any way, shape or form.

CONSTANCE:

From what we've seen, I don't think firearms would do much good anyway. We need something more... substantial.

ZETTERLING:

How'd you mean, 'substantial'?

CONSTANCE:

(WALKING OFF) From the heavy plant store! – You'll see. Follow me!

SCENE 50: INT. LABORATORY

DOCTOR:

I apologise for being the bearer of bad tidings, but there may well be Talessh colonies or outposts out there? I could help you find them, if you wish...?

TALESSH:

That will not restore my family!

DOCTOR:

Nonetheless, there's hope to be found, if you look hard enough.

MACHT:

(QUIETLY TO DOCTOR) Why are you cosyng up to that thing? For all you know, it's completely insane.

DOCTOR:

(QUIETLY TO MACHT) Yes, that had occurred to me, Dr Macht. Which is why I chose not to articulate the thought in front of the huge, flesh-consuming ice alien?

MACHT:

(QUIETLY) Point taken.

DOCTOR:

(TO MONSTER) You know, we're going about this completely the wrong way. We haven't even been properly introduced. – How do you do? I'm the Doctor; this is Dr Macht; and you are...?

TALESSH:

I was... I am... Elder Prime Technician Kazile Esta Horoki of the Tabernacle of Celestial Engineering.

DOCTOR:

See, we're getting along swimmingly. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Elder Prime Technician. Tell me – what did you mean when you said you came here to "save" everyone?

TALESSH:

We came for the Sun.

MACHT:

The Sun? Our Sun? What, like a holiday?

DOCTOR:

(WARY) I suspect not.

TALESSH:

Our own star was becoming unstable. We required a replacement, but its variety was uncommon. We searched the galaxies. Yours was most compatible.

MACHT:

You wanted to take our Sun and swap it for yours? Like... changing a light bulb?! Is that even possible?

DOCTOR:

The Talessh wouldn't have come this far if they didn't think so. Their home world is, was, the inside of a Dyson sphere. A whole solar system re-engineered into a huge hollow sphere, with the sun at its centre.

TALESSH:

The hollow star! The eye of the beholder!

MACHT:

Why? I don't get it.

DOCTOR:

The inner surface was vast, allowing them to harvest their sun's full potential.

MACHT:

Right. But I guess something went wrong?

TALESSH:

There were... solar flares. Lethal radiation. Our life-giver had turned toxic, so we were tasked to find another.

MACHT:

Steal another, you mean?!

DOCTOR:

Yes, but as we've established, that was all long in the past. As I said, Elder Prime Technician – there are undoubtedly Talessh colonies out there. I have a ship. I can reunite you with your people.

TALESSH:

(ICILY) Reunite me...? Doctor, I never left them. They are here with me, now.

DOCTOR:

Oh no. Oh, no, no, no...

MACHT:

That sounds like way too many 'nos' to be a good thing?

DOCTOR:

How many people did it take to build your geo-engine, Dr Macht?

MACHT:

I don't know. Thousands, I guess.

DOCTOR:

Now, how many do think it would take to dismantle a Sun?

MACHT:

Uh...

TALESSH:

Ours was a simple survey mission. We numbered no more than nine thousand.

MACHT:

Nine thousand?!

DOCTOR:

All queued up inside the disc behind the Prime Technician, like commuters packed onto a subway platform at rush hour. (GROAN)
And I adjusted the interface so the nanites could repair the disc...!

TALESSH:

For which I thank you... Doctor! (FX: DISC HUM VARIES AS TALESSH MANIPULATES IT) Come, my team. Begin your mission.

(FX: FROM FAR OFF, OUTSIDE – SOUNDS OF HEAVY TURBINES/ENGINES STARTING UP, BUILDING IN PITCH)

MACHT:

What the-? Those are the terraformer's turbines! They're ratcheting up to maximum capacity!

DOCTOR:

I told you, they're good with machines.

MACHT:

But that's impossible! They should take days to gear up to full speed!

TALESSH:

With nine thousand of my celestial engineers inside your technology, there is little we cannot do.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 51: EXT. WAREHOUSE

(FX: NOISE FROM TERRAFORMER CONTINUES, ONLY NOW HEARD FROM OUTSIDE, FURTHER AWAY. BUT THE SOUND IS MASKED BY THAT OF A DIGGER ENGINE THROATILY REVVING AS IT MOVES FORWARDS)

CONSTANCE:

(OPERATING DIGGER, LOUD) Yes, I do believe I've got the hang of this!

ZETTERLING:

So, we've got a digger. What now?

CONSTANCE:

Now, we rescue the doctors.

ZETTERLING:

Seriously?

CONSTANCE:

Seriously.

ZETTERLING:

(DETECTING TERRAFORMER NOISE) Wait. – Wait...! Stop! Kill the engine!

CONSTANCE:

Why, do you want to drive?

ZETTERLING:

Just kill it. (FX: CONSTANCE KILLS ENGINE) Listen. Do you hear that? That's the phase five geo-engine! The terraformer's on-line!

CONSTANCE:

Working, you mean? I thought it already was?

ZETTERLING:

Not fully, no. We had six weeks to go before we became fully operational, but by the sound of it, it's running at optimum capacity already. It should take days to cycle up like this!

CONSTANCE:

Perhaps it's the Doctor? My Doctor?

(FX: SUDDEN SHOCKWAVE OF HOWLING WIND, DISTANT)

ZETTERLING:

Or something else? Look, above the terraformer!

CONSTANCE:

A whirlwind...?!

ZETTERLING:

A tornado!

(FX: A SECOND TORNADO MATERIALISES, SPINNING. AND ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER...)

CONSTANCE:

Not just one. I count three, four, five! Springing up out of thin air!

ZETTERLING:

It's the engine. It has potential for weather control but not like this...!

(FX: WIND INTENSIFIES – BECOMES A SCREAMING WAIL, THEN A CHORUS OF SAME; NEW TALESSH ROARING)

CONSTANCE:

What on Earth?

ZETTERLING:

Inside the whirlwinds! Can you see? There – those shapes, shadows. They look like...bodies forming?

CONSTANCE:

Very large bodies!

CROSS BACK TO:

SCENE 52: INT. LABORATORY

(FX: GEO-ENGINE ROARING. WHIRLWINDS OUTSIDE)

MACHT:

They're making whirlwinds!

DOCTOR:

No, they're not...!

TALESSH:

My engineers no longer need to steal your flesh to give themselves form.

DOCTOR:

... they're weaving new bodies from the elements themselves!

TALESSH:

Welcome – to the new ice age!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE:

(FX: GEO-ENGINE ROARING. WHIRLWINDS OUTSIDE)

MACHT:

They're making whirlwinds!

DOCTOR:

No, they're not...!

TALESSH:

My engineers no longer need to steal your flesh to give themselves form.

DOCTOR:

... they're weaving new bodies from the elements themselves!

TALESSH:

Welcome – to the new ice age!

CROSS TO:

SCENE 53: EXT. WAREHOUSE

(FX: TORNADO/TALESSH ROAR CONTINUES. TRUCK DOOR SLAMMING)

ZETTERLING:

Time we were gone! We need to find your Doctor, now!

CONSTANCE:

Consider it done!

(FX: TRUCKS GEARS SHIFT, ENGINE ROARS AS IT DRIVES OFF)

SCENE 54: INT. LABORATORY

(FX: AS BEFORE)

DOCTOR:

(TO TALESSH) There's no need for this, Prime Technician. My offer still holds. I can take you and whoever else is inside the disc to wherever your species now resides.

TALESSH:

If you know the Talessh, Doctor, then you know our society. Everyone has their position. No surplus is permitted, to be a burden upon the rest. There would be no place for us!

DOCTOR:

You don't know that.

TALESSH:

We have been lost for millennia. Our skills, our knowledge, our purpose would be outdated. We would be antiques, anomalies, outcasts.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I don't know, antique and anomalous has worked well for me. Besides, times change. Things may be different now?

TALESSH:

If they have deviated so far, then they are no longer pure. No, there is no other option: we shall start again, here!

MACHT:

But this is our world!

TALESSH:

It was. Do you think I do not understand the reason why you have built your geo-engine? I have seen how you treat your home world. You have fouled it, with your selfishness and greed. You are spiralling into self-destruction. This will stop.

DOCTOR:

Very well, then. Help these humans heal their world. Negotiate with them. There are plenty of icy moons in this solar system alone for you to settle on.

TALESSH:

We do not give succour to the weak! We will save you... and you will worship us for it.

MACHT:

We'll fight you!

TALESSH:

You will fail. You cannot even work together to save your world from yourselves. You are no threat to us. You will be reduced to seed stock, then we will regrow the human race anew.

DOCTOR:

If you choose to make yourself an enemy of the human race, then you are also an enemy of mine – and believe me, that is not a good place to stand!

TALESSH:

You? What power do you possess that could possibly threaten me?

(FX: LOUD TRUCK HORN SOUNDS FROM OUTSIDE – THE DIGGER ACCELERATING TOWARDS THE WINDOW)

MACHT:

What the...?

DOCTOR:

Hold that thought, Talessh!

CROSS QUICKLY TO:

SCENE 55: EXT. LABORATORY (ON DIGGER) [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: CONSTANCE ACCELERATING DIGGER TOWARDS WINDOW...)

CONSTANCE:

(SHOUTING OFF) Doctors! Take cover! – You too, Professor!

ZETTERLING:

Oh. My. G—

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE 56: INT. LABORATORY [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: DIGGER BEARING DOWN FROM OUTSIDE)

TALESSH:

What is this...?

MACHT:

It's Mrs Clarke, and Prof Zee!

DOCTOR:

Get down, you fool!

(FX: DIGGER CRASHES THROUGH WINDOW/WALL, BURYING TALESSH)

TALESSH:

Aaaaaaaa! (CRIES OUT, VOICE RAGGED WITH STATIC)

(FX: CUT OFF BY FALLING RUBBLE. BEAT. SPARKING CABLES ETC. CONSTANCE & ZETTERLING RUN UP FROM OFF)

CONSTANCE:

(CALLING) Doctor! Doctors...?

DOCTOR:

(SHIFTING RUBBLE ASIDE, COUGHING ON DUST) Here, Mrs Clarke. Well, you certainly know how to make an entrance!

ZETTERLING:

Where's Hugo? – Hugo!!

MACHT:

(COUGHING) Over here!

ZETTERLING:

(GOING OVER) Are you okay?

MACHT:

(HELPED UP) I'm having a ball, thanks for asking! Sure beats a quiet round of golf!

ZETTERLING:

Yeah, like sarcasm's appropriate.

MACHT:

Lisa, I'm fine. Thanks for asking. I think if anything had happened to me, you'd be the only one who cared.

ZETTERLING:

Me and several hundred shareholders!

MACHT:

Don't spoil the moment.

ZETTERLING:

We were having a moment?

DOCTOR:

Flirt in your own time, we're busy!

(FX: WRECKAGE SHIFTS AS TALESSH STRUGGLES TO FREE ITSELF)

TALESSH:

(RAGGED WITH STATIC) Doctor... I will kill you...!

CONSTANCE:

That thing's getting up!

DOCTOR:

Yes, time for a tactical withdrawal, I think.

ZETTERLING:

I know just the place.

MACHT:

Music to my ears!

(FX: ZETTERLING AND MACHT RUSH OFF, THROUGH HOLE IN WALL)

CONSTANCE:

Doctor, what are you doing? Come on!

DOCTOR:

(FX: DISCONNECTING HUMMING DISC) Just a moment! I'm not going anywhere without this.

CONSTANCE:

The shield, of course!

DOCTOR:

Transmat booster, actually.

(FX: DISC POWERS DOWN)

TALESSH:

(STILL STRUGGLING) Leave that device! I command you!

DOCTOR:

(HEFTING DISC) No chance. Go on, Mrs Clarke, don't dawdle!

(FX: HE & CONSTANCE RUSH OFF AFTER THE OTHERS)

TALESSH:

(ENRAGED) Doctor!!!

SCENE 57: INT. UNDER GEO-ENGINE

(FX: FADE UP. INDUSTRIAL AREA — MESH FLOOR ETC. TURBINES ABOVE. WHEEL LOCK TURNED & PUSHED OPEN)

ZETTERLING:

(ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY CONSTANCE, MACHT & DOCTOR) In here.

CONSTANCE:

Where are we?

DOCTOR:

Underneath the geo-engine itself, I presume?

ZETTERLING:

(FX: TURNING WHEEL LOCK SHUT) It's the most secure and shielded part of the complex. We should be safe in here for now.

DOCTOR:

Good. (HEFTING DISC) Dr Macht, would you mind relieving me of this transmat booster for a moment?

MACHT:

Uh, OK — (TAKING WEIGHT) Man, this thing's heavy!

DOCTOR:

Yes, I'd noticed.

ZETTERLING:

Doctor, we saw more of those creatures forming outside, gestating inside tornados. Half a dozen, I think.

DOCTOR:

With many more to come I fear.

CONSTANCE:

If they're using this... machine to build themselves, can't we simply pull the plug?

MACHT:

This thing doesn't have an on/off switch, you know.

ZETTERLING:

It's taken two months to cycle up to this point. Cut the power now and it could induce a catastrophic overload. We'd blow up them, us, the terraformer and most likely half the state.

CONSTANCE:

There may be another way to stop them.

DOCTOR:

Mrs Clarke?

CONSTANCE:

While the Professor and I were trapped in the barrow, I had time to read the Vikings' inscription. They thought the shield – disc, whatever – they thought it was a gateway to somewhere called 'Jotunheim'?

DOCTOR:

Jotunheim? One of the nine worlds in Norse mythology, as I recall. Where the rock and frost giants were said to reside. Not a real place, I'm afraid.

CONSTANCE:

The point is, they met a 'frost giant' too. But they were able to kill it.

MACHT:

What, Vikings? Big guys with beards and hats with cow horns got the best of that nightmare?

DOCTOR:

Not the same Talessh, surely? Doubtless it was just the first in the queue, ahead of the Prime Technician.

MACHT:

(SNARKY) 'Doubtless'.

CONSTANCE:

The inscription said that they used the 'bones of the sea' to turn the Jotunn, the frost giant, to stone.

MACHT:

Bones of the sea? What does that even mean?

DOCTOR:

The simplest explanation is often the most obvious. Bones of the sea – sea shells.

ZETTERLING:

What's so special about sea shells?

DOCTOR:

Well, what are sea shells made of?

MACHT:

Uhh... calcium?

DOCTOR:

Calcium, precisely! And in some species, an excess of calcium can cause rampant ossification!

ZETTERLING:

The accelerated laying down of new bone matter?

DOCTOR:

So to the Vikings it would look as if their Jotunn had turned to stone! Of course...!

MACHT:

Gotta love that 'of course'.

CONSTANCE:

Do be quiet, doctor. – Not you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

As I was saying... it way well be that the Talessh evolved from some water-borne species, since calcium carbonate is highly toxic to certain aquatic lifeforms. That must be why the Prime Technician rejected its victim's skeletons while it was rebuilding itself. The Vikings, you see, weren't simply 'big guys with beards and hats with cow horns...'

MACHT:

Hey, blame Kirk Douglas, not me.

DOCTOR:

... they were farmers, too, who used ground sea shells and bone meal as fertiliser.

CONSTANCE:

So they, what? Cast the powder into the creature, who couldn't process it – and died?

DOCTOR:

(PUT OUT) Or so I presume.

CONSTANCE:

I'm sorry, did I steal your thunder?

MACHT:

Only trouble is, I'm all out of sea shells. Must have left them at home!

ZETTERLING:

Look at where we are, Hugo. We don't need them. We can make them!

DOCTOR:

All we need is a sample, and the geo-engine can do the rest. It's already created a snow storm, manufacturing a mass of calcium molecules should be a doddle!

MACHT:

Well, where are we gonna find a bone sample?

CONSTANCE:

Major Da Costa's skeleton is still out there..

DOCTOR:

Buried three feet deep in snow, I suspect. We don't have time to search for it. – No, I can think of somewhere else we can lay on our hands on a suitable sample, but...

ZETTERLING:

What's the catch?

DOCTOR:

It'll mean running the gauntlet of the Talessh, so I'm going to need two of you to act as decoys, I'm afraid. Any volunteers?

SCENE 58: EXT. TERRAFORMER FACILITY

(FX: LARGE OPEN AREA. THE FIRST TALESSH IS A FLESH HYBRID. THE OTHERS ARE MADE OF ICE)

TALESSH:

(ADDRESSING ASSEMBLY) Brothers! Sisters! You know by now that we are lost in time and space. Our home is no more than a memory, yet we still have each other!

6 x ICE TALESSH:

(MOAN AND WAIL IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT)

TALESSH:

We came here seeking to save our world, and now we are all that is left of it. All that remains of the Talessh resides in us. We are what was and we are will be again!

6 x ICE TALESSH:

(MOAN AND WAIL IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT)

TALESSH:

We have much work ahead of us. This world is soiled, broken but it can be saved... by us, for us. But first we must conquer!

6 x ICE TALESSH:

(MOAN AND WAIL IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT)

TALESSH:

Go! Seek out the transmat disc, so we can retrieve those of our kin still exiled inside it. The last four humans hold our blood hostage... and for that, we shall take theirs!

6 x ICE TALESSH:

(MOAN AND WAIL AS THEY STOMP OFF. CROSS TO CLOSE BY:)

CONSTANCE:

(RUNNING UP; SOTTO) There they are. Six of them, and the original. The first one's half-flesh, but these new ones...

ZETTERLING:

(SOTTO) Yeah, pure ice. (OBSERVING) Heeey, they've left my lab unguarded.

CONSTANCE:

(SOTTO) So?

ZETTERLING:

(SOTTO) So... I'm thinking I might try something out.

CONSTANCE:

(SOTTO) Like what?

ZETTERLING:

(SOTTO) Like a chemistry experiment. Come on.

(FX: THEY DASH OFF. CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 59: EXT. EXCAVATION SITE

(FX: DOCTOR & MACHT CRUNCHING THROUGH SNOW)

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING, TURNING) Dr Macht – will you kindly pick your feet up? This isn't a leisurely stroll, you know. We're trying to save the world!

MACHT:

(STRUGGLING) That's alright for you to say, but this disc thing's heavy!

DOCTOR:

Oh, do get a little perspective! By your own admission you're stinking rich and probably want for nothing. I imagine you've never even worn the same pair of socks twice?

MACHT:

Is this going anywhere?

DOCTOR:

I was about to say that a little suffering is good for the soul. You should relish the opportunity!

MACHT:

So how good's your soul, Doc'? Seen much suffering?

DOCTOR:

(SOMBRE) More than you can possibly imagine.

(FX: HOWLING WIND INTENSIFIES)

MACHT:

Seriously, though, can't you take it for a bit? The wind's picking up again. I'm starting to lose the feeling in my fingers here!

DOCTOR:

It's not the wind, it's them. They're looking for us. They want what's in that disc. They may even be able to sense their compatriots inside it somehow?

MACHT:

Still, can't you carry it? Just for a bit?

DOCTOR:

No, because I have to find the entrance to the barrow. (FX: STRIDING FORWARD) Which, by my calculations, should be round.. about... heeeaaaah!!! (CRIES OUT...)

(... AS HE SLIDES INTO THE SNOW-FILLED TOMB. CROSS TO:)

SCENE 60: INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: WE'RE WITH THE DOCTOR)

MACHT:

(JUST OFF) Are you okay?

DOCTOR:

(GETTING UP) I'm fine. Come in, but watch your step.

MACHT:

(CLIMBING DOWN INTO BARROW) I'll be damned! It is, it's a tomb!

DOCTOR:

(WALKING OVER) And there are our bone samples. The mortal remains of our Viking friends.

MACHT:

So, what, we smash them up? Seems kinda ghoulish?

DOCTOR:

First things first. My TARDIS!

MACHT:

Your spaceship?

DOCTOR:

(WALKING OVER) Right... here.

MACHT:

You're joking? That... closet? That's it?

DOCTOR:

(OPENING TARDIS DOOR) My TARDIS is not a 'closet'. In fact, I think you'll find it's rather more roomy on the inside than first appears! – Oh, just get in, will you?

(FX: THEY GO IN. CROSS TO:)

SCENE 61: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: STANDARD AMBIENCE)

MACHT:

Ah, OK. It's a little bit bigger inside, I'll give you that.

DOCTOR:

'A little'?

MACHT:

Kinda Eighties nostalgia, though. I hate that stuff. I was born too late, and I can't say I'm sorry.

DOCTOR:

This is a type forty TARDIS! A classic!

MACHT:

Hate to think what the other thirty-nine must have looked like.

DOCTOR:

If you don't like it, Dr Macht, there's the door! – But first, hand me that transmat booster.

MACHT:

(PASSING DISC) At last. – Hey, don't be offended. It's that whole "laughing in the face of adversity" thing?

DOCTOR:

I'm glad you our situation so amusing. Just to add to your hilarity, you can go and fetch me those bone samples. Just a finger from each, I doubt our friends will mind.

MACHT:

(PATHETIC) Can't you do it?

DOCTOR:

Someone has to hook the transmat booster up to the TARDIS console. Can you do that? No.

MACHT:

But the storm? You said those things were on the way?

DOCTOR:

Well, then – you'd better hope that the Professor and Mrs Clarke have got your back, hadn't you? – Go on, shoo!

SCENE 62: EXT. EXCAVATION SITE

(FX: FADE UP. DISTANT ICE TALESSH STOMPING. CONSTANCE & ZETTERLING RUNNING OVER SNOWFIELD)

ZETTERLING:

Down!

(FX: THEY DROP TO THEIR HAUNCHES)

CONSTANCE:

Do you see them?

ZETTERLING:

I see them.

CONSTANCE:

How many?

ZETTERLING:

Two. No, wait. Three, and they're heading for the barrow. Guess they must know the Doctor's in there.

CONSTANCE:

Then it's time we put your experiment to the test, Professor.

(FX: 6 x GLASS BOTTLES CLINKING)

ZETTERLING:

Be careful! – I've not had much practice making bombs.

CONSTANCE:

Let's just hope this stuff works. What did you call it again?

ZETTERLING:

Napalm. It's a gelling agent combined with a combustible accelerant. A hold-over from one of the nastier wars of the late twentieth century.

CONSTANCE:

Wars. How many more have there been since—? No, don't answer that. It's too depressing.

ZETTERLING:

We can't kill them, we know that. But these new Ice Talessh must be vulnerable to light and heat. It's gotta slow them down, at least. That's my theory.

CONSTANCE:

For everyone's sake, I hope you're right.

CROSS TO:

(FX: A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY. 3 x ICE TALESSH STOMP TO HALT)

ICE TALESSH:

They are near, my brothers! I can sense them! Our kin, railing in their confinement!

ZETTERLING:

(WELL OFF) Hey! Monsters!

CONSTANCE:

(WELL OFF) Over here...!

ICE TALESSH:

Humans! They must have the disc! Destroy them!

(FX: 3 x TALESSH STOMP IN THE WOMEN'S DIRECTION. CROSS BACK TO:)

CONSTANCE:

Here they come!

ZETTERLING:

Light me a fuse.

(FX: MAGNESIUM FUSE BURNING — LIKE A SPARKLER. CROSS BACK TO TALESSH, STOMPING FORWARD)

ICE TALESSH:

Destroy them!

ZETTERLING:

(OFF, HEFTING NAPALM BOMB) OK, you monsters — get a load of this! (EFFORT AS SHE THROWS)

(BEAT)

(FX: BOTTLE SMASHES AGAINST A TALESSH, HUGE 'WHOMPF' OF FLAME)

ICE TALESSH:

(CRIES OUT IN PAIN AND SURPRISE)

SCENE 63: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: QUICK FADE UP. DOCTOR TAMPERING WITH HUMMING DISC)

DOCTOR:

Interesting...

MACHT:

(FX: WALKING IN) Okay, I got what you wanted.

DOCTOR:

Good. (FX: DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND) Er, I heard a noise outside...?

MACHT:

The distraction you had planned. Worked like a charm. Those things didn't get anywhere near me. I only hope Lisa and Mrs Clarke are alright...?

DOCTOR:

If they stick to the plan and keep their distance they will be. However, I suspect our part may need to undergo some revision.

MACHT:

Why, what's wrong? I got the fingers you asked for?

DOCTOR:

Yes, only it appears I've found our Viking friends' souls.

MACHT:

You what?

DOCTOR:

Watch the scanner.

(FX: FLIPPING SWITCHES AND TURNING DIALS. IMAGE 'TUNING IN')

DOCTOR:

You see, I've discovered that there's more than the Talessh bio-patterns stored in the transmat buffer. In an emergency, its default setting is to save and store all bio-matter templates in the vicinity. Be they Talessh... or otherwise.

MACHT:

Are you saying what I think you're saying...?

DOCTOR:

The Vikings from the tomb. Because they died in close proximity to the transmat disc, it copied and saved them to its hard drive. So if I search the drive for human brain patterns...

(FX: SCANNER IMAGE RESOLVES INTO CHIEFTAIN HERGER)

HERGER:

(DISTORTED, OVER SCANNER) What place is this?

MACHT:

That's impossible!

DOCTOR:

And yet here he is. Well, almost.

HERGER:

(D) Speak! Where am I? What am I doing here?

DOCTOR:

Sire, I call on you from Midgard. To be precise, from the land on the far side of the great sea where you and your compatriots buried the portal to Jotunheim, along with yourselves.

HERGER:

(D) Ourselves? (REALISATION) By the Gods! Look at me, I am as hollow as smoke! I am a spectre!

DOCTOR:

Please, do not be alarmed. You have been called back from Asgard for we need your help. You're the Chieftain, I take it...?

HERGER:

(D) I am Herger, son of Wulfrick, grandson of Rethel, last of the high chieftains of the North.

DOCTOR:

I am the Doctor, son of... well, never mind.

MACHT:

Hi. I'm Hugo, son of Murray, grandson of Edgar. Although there's some debate about that last one.

HERGER:

(D) (IRRITATED) Why have you called on me?

DOCTOR:

The Jotunn, Chief Herger. Your 'frost demons'. They have returned.

HERGER:

(D) They? There is more than one?

DOCTOR:

Yes.

HERGER:

(D) Then run! Run as far and as fast your limbs and lungs will take you.

MACHT:

But you fought them. You beat them!

HERGER:

(D) Aye, we slew one, my men and I; and it cost us our dearest blood.

DOCTOR:

I think we have a means of combating these 'Jotunn' – or as we know them, the Talessh – but even so, we face grave odds.

HERGER:

(D) Ah, would that I could join you in one final battle..!

DOCTOR:

Thank you. You never know, it might just come to that...

SCENE 64: EXT. TERRAFORMER FACILITY

(FX: CONSTANCE & ZETTERLING RUN TO HALT)

ZETTERLING:

(BREATHING HARD) They're not following, I think we lost them.

CONSTANCE:

Just as well. We're down to the last of our ammunition.

ZETTERLING:

Then let's make it count, shall we?

CONSTANCE:

No! There's no point in looking for trouble.

ZETTERLING:

You're right. I just... I just want to hurt them some more. I enjoyed hurting them. – That's terrible, isn't it? I thought I was a good liberal, but after what they did...

CONSTANCE:

Yes, well, that's war for you. We should head for our rendezvous with the Doctor – in the geo-engine control room, wherever that is...?

ZETTERLING:

(SETTING OFF) This way –

(FX: 4 x ICE TALESSH STOMPING TOWARDS HER [FROM RIGHT OF STEREO FIELD])

CONSTANCE:

No, this way...!

(FX: BUT THE 1 x FLESH TALESSH IS APPROACHING CONSTANCE FROM OFF, FROM OTHER DIRECTION [IE, FROM LEFT OF STEREO FIELD])

TALESSH:

Not this way... 'Mrs Clarke'!

CONSTANCE:

(GRABBED) Ow!

TALESSH:

Did you think you could evade us forever? Such small creatures, scurrying like vermin.

ZETTERLING:

(AT RIGHT) They've got us trapped!

CONSTANCE:

(AT LEFT) It's got me! Professor - you've got the last bomb!
Use it to escape!

ZETTERLING:

What about you?

CONSTANCE:

Never mind me! Hurt them! Use it!

ZETTERLING:

But...!

CONSTANCE:

Just do it!

ZETTERLING:

Okay - (EFFORT; THROWS BOMB)

(FX: BOTTLE SMASHES. 'WHOMP!')

4 x ICE TALESSH:

(SHRIEK)

CONSTANCE:

Run, Professor! Run!!!

(FX: ZETTERLING RUNS OFF)

TALESSH:

Foolish humans. Your bombs cannot kill us. But we can kill you.
Take your flesh, and make ourselves stronger...

CONSTANCE:

Then what are you waiting for? Get it over with!

TALESSH:

Not yet. Your 'Doctor' has something of mine, now I have
something of his.

CONSTANCE:

If you think he'll bargain with you, you're very much mistaken!

TALESSH:

But how long will his resolve endure, once you begin to
scream...?

SCENE 65: INT. GEO-ENGINE CONTROL

(FX: AS IN PART ONE. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS. MACHT & DOCTOR STEP OUT)

MACHT:

(STOPPING DEAD, LOOKING AROUND) We've moved!

DOCTOR:

(BEHIND, LUGGING DISC) That much is obvious.

MACHT:

The main control room! Just like (SNAPS FINGERS) that! That's... that's...

DOCTOR:

Isn't it just. — Kindly get out of the way, Dr Macht, I've no desire to lug this disc around a moment longer than I have to, either!

MACHT:

Oh! Sorry —

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT AS HE MANHANDLES DISC A FEW FEET...)

(FX: HEAVY METALLIC THUD AS TRANSMAT DISC IS SET DOWN)

DOCTOR:

(CATCHING BREATH) Now, while I hook the disc up the computer, I want you to put the bone fragments into the sampler. Hurry!

MACHT:

Sampler...?

DOCTOR:

There must be some kind of feed to the terraformer. — Over there, that glass hatch in the wall?

MACHT:

(GOING OVER) This? I always thought this was a big microwave.

DOCTOR:

(PLUGGING LEADS ETC INTO HUMMING DISC) Just get on with it, Hugo!

(FX: HISS AS HERMETIC SEAL OPENS. SKELETAL FINGERS CLATTER)

MACHT:

'Scuse fingers. — Now what?

DOCTOR:

Close the hatch. (FX: MACHT DOES SO) What does the display read?

MACHT:

I got three lights reading ANALYSE, PROCESS and COMMIT.

DOCTOR:

Use your loaf, Dr Macht!

MACHT:

Press ANALYSE, press PROCESS, then COMMIT?

DOCTOR:

Brilliant.

(FX: THREE BUTTONS PRESSED IN TURN. WHIRRING MACHINE ACTIVITY BEHIND HATCH)

MACHT:

Done. (WALKING OVER) Shouldn't the others be back by now?

DOCTOR:

Yes.

MACHT:

Aren't you concerned?

DOCTOR:

Yes! (FINDS HIMSELF BLOCKED BY MACHT) Dr Macht...!

MACHT:

I'm in your way again, aren't I?

DOCTOR:

You are. (MACHT MOVES ASIDE) Thank you. Now — (FX: BEGINS TYPING ON COMPUTER KEYBOARD)

MACHT:

Feeling kinda redundant here.

DOCTOR:

No time to delegate things democratically, I'm afraid. If I can't keep the Talessh from seizing control of this facility, they'll lay claim to your planet. And the only card I have left to play is this disc...!

MACHT:

Yeah, well — 'Go, Doctor...!'

DOCTOR:

I don't need a cheerleader, thank you [very much —]

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

ZETTERLING:

(RUSHING IN) Doctor? Hugo? – Thank goodness, you made it!

MACHT:

Lisa, you're alive!

ZETTERLING:

Yes, but –

DOCTOR:

Where's Mrs Clarke? – Where's Constance?

ZETTERLING:

Alive. But the Talessh have got her. They're out there now, calling to you.

DOCTOR:

Let me guess – 'Bring us the transmat disc, or Mrs Clarke gets it?' – Well, I've no choice. I'm going out there. It's all up to you now, Professor.

ZETTERLING:

It is?

DOCTOR:

(FX: UNPLUGGING DISC) Now, I've already downloaded the Vikings' templates from the transmat into the terraformer's mainframe. I've inputted the protocols, so you don't need to touch it.

ZETTERLING:

The Vikings...?!

DOCTOR:

Just – go with it, please. When the sampler has finished scanning and reproducing the calcium in the bone fragments...

ZETTERLING:

I got you. FLOOD and ENABLE, right?

DOCTOR:

Exactly right. (HEFTING DISC) Oh, this disc really doesn't get any lighter! Dr Macht –

MACHT:

I'm with you, Doctor. Whatever you need.

DOCTOR:

Just – hold the door open for me? There's a good chap.

SCENE 66: EXT. TERRAFORMER FACILITY

TALESSH:

(TO CONSTANCE) I will not wait much longer, 'Mrs Clarke'. I think it would be a pleasure to wear your flesh.

CONSTANCE:

(GRIPPED) He'll be here.

TALESSH:

Do you not... doubt him? Are you not... afraid?

CONSTANCE:

I'm not stupid, of course I'm afraid! — But as a matter of fact; no, I don't doubt him. I barely know him, but I don't doubt him in the [least.]

TALESSH:

Hush! — I sense it. I sense the transmat disc. I sense the cries of our brothers and sisters!

6 x ICE TALESSH:

(MOAN EXCITEDLY, STOMPING FEET)

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Ah! There you all are!

(FX: AS DOCTOR APPROACHES, WE HEAR HUM OF THE TRANSMAT DISC)

CONSTANCE:

Doctor! Get back! Get away from here! Please!

DOCTOR:

Constance. It's good to see you. Unharmed, I trust?

CONSTANCE:

I'm perfectly well. Doctor, please, don't give them the disc! They'll only kill us both. Take it back to the TARDIS. Take it away from here!

DOCTOR:

Leaving just seven Talessh in control of the terraformer would wreak untold havoc on the world.

TALESSH:

You were right to be afraid, Mrs Clarke...!

DOCTOR:

Prime Technician Horoki, I appeal to you one last time. Let me help you find a new home, somewhere far away from here, somewhere uninhabited.

TALESSH:

We do not want some other world. We want this one!

6 x ICE TALESSH:

(LIKE THIS; MOAN AND STOMP)

DOCTOR:

I take it, then, that there's nothing I can say to dissuade you?

TALESSH:

Nothing! Now, return what was ours, if you do not wish to see this creature suffer!

DOCTOR:

No. First, let Constance go.

TALESSH:

First, let the disc go!

DOCTOR:

Oh please, Prime Technician. Constance was quite correct – you're going to kill us both as soon as you've got your cold hands on the disc. But let's keep up the appearance of civility, shall we? Call it – call it a last request.

TALESSH:

(TO CONSTANCE) Go. Join your Doctor.

(FX: CONSTANCE CROSSES QUICKLY TO DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

Thank you. Here, then, is the transmat booster. (FX: DOCTOR PLACES THE DISC ON THE GROUND) Go on, it's yours – take it.

(FX: THE VARIOUS TALESSH ADVANCE...)

TALESSH:

At last!

CONSTANCE:

Doctor, I'm disappointed. All that effort, and they're going to kill us anyway.

DOCTOR:

I know that. I always knew that. And I knew, when I offered them that one last chance, that they'd never take me up on it. I'm afraid it was too late for them, even before I got here.

CONSTANCE:

What?

TALESSH:

You still believe you can defeat the Talessh?

6 x ICE TALESSH:

(STOMP IN AMUSEMENT)

DOCTOR:

Oh, you lot aren't quite as formidable as you seem to think. You see, Prime Technician, you weren't the first of your kind to escape from the transmat disc. A thousand years ago, one other emerged, to terrorise the kingdoms of the North. But they were defeated – not by a modern, technologically advanced race, no; but by relative primitives, wrapped in animal skins.

TALESSH:

You lie!

CONSTANCE:

No, he's telling the truth. A brave man named Herger destroyed the other Talessh. Turned him to stone and shattered his remains.

DOCTOR:

He was the one who buried the disc here, out of harm's way.

TALESSH:

That cannot be!

(FX: THE TERRAFORMER SUDDENLY EMITS A HEAVY LOUD MECHANICAL HUM LIKE A FOGHORN)

DOCTOR:

Tell you what, why don't you ask him yourself?

(FX: THE WIND WHIPS UP AS 7 x SNOW STORM/WHIRLWINDS APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE – AS PER MATERIALISATION OF TALESSH AT END OF EP 3)

CONSTANCE:

Tornadoes, from the terraformer...!

DOCTOR:

(SMUG) I know.

TALESSH:

What trick is this...?!

SCENE 67: INT. GEO-ENGINE CONTROL

(FX: CONFIRMATION BLEEPS)

ZETTERLING:

Geo-engine flooded. Terraformer enabled. That's it.

MACHT:

So... what do we do now? Sit and wait, I guess?

ZETTERLING:

Sit and wait if you like. Me, I'm going up to the roof.

MACHT:

The roof?! Why?

ZETTERLING:

To get the best view of the action, stupid.

MACHT:

Action?

ZETTERLING:

Oh, Hugo! — You do realise, don't you? You do see what the Doctor's done...?

MACHT:

Errr —

SCENE 68: EXT. TERRAFORMER FACILITY

(FX: THE 7 x TORNADOES SLOWING)

CONSTANCE:

There are shapes forming, in the whirlwinds! Very large shapes...!

DOCTOR:

Twenty feet high, at least. That's unexpected.

TALESSH:

Doctor, what have you done...?!

DOCTOR:

Oh, I just invited some old friends to the party! Very very old friends, in fact...

(FX: THE TORNADOES HAVE NOW STOPPED. TWINKLY EFFECT — 7 x FULLY FORMED VIKINGS STEP FORWARD)

CONSTANCE:

Viking warriors!

HERGER:

By all the gods, we are whole again!

8 x GIANT VIKINGS:

(CHEER)

TALESSH:

Who are these creatures...?

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, Prime Technician — did you think you were the only people who could be reconstructed via the terraformer? Permit me to introduce to you Chief Herger, and his men!

HERGER:

How can this be?

DOCTOR:

You are Titans now, my friend. The machine... the metal tower yonder has remade you, from the very elements!

HERGER:

For what purpose?

CONSTANCE:

To fight these — what did you call them? Frost demons! Jotunn!

TALESSH:

Talessh – destroy them! Destroy them all!

6 x ICE TALESSH:

(CHARGE FORWARD)

HERGER:

Fight them? But where are our swords? Where is my hammer?

DOCTOR:

You don't need weapons. You are made from bone fragments! Remember how that worked? One touch of your bare hands should be enough!

HERGER:

(BOOMING LAUGH) Indeed! Forward, brothers! To battle!

6 x VIKINGS:

(CHEER AND RUSH FORWARD TO MEET CHARGING TALESSH)

TALESSH:

No, no!!

DOCTOR:

With me, Mrs Clarke! – It wouldn't do to get trodden on by a ten-foot-tall Viking, and it's not every day one gets to say that!

CONSTANCE:

Only you could do something like this. Only you!

DOCTOR:

I wish I hadn't had to.

(FX: AS THE TWO ARMIES MEET AND CLASH – EXPLOSIVE ICE CRACKING SOUNDS AS THE ICE TALESSH SHATTER. FIRST ONE, THEN ANOTHER, THEN ANOTHER...!)

TALESSH:

Fall back, brothers, sisters! Fall back, before we are all returned to dust!

HERGER:

(REACHING OUT) Back to Jotunheim, you horror! Plague this world no more!

TALESSH:

(CALCIFYING AT HERGER'S TOUCH) No. No! Nooooooooooooooooooooo...!

(FX: THE HOWLING WIND DIES DOWN TO NOTHING)

CONSTANCE:

The sky's clearing. The sun's coming out!

HERGER:

Thanks you Doctor, for giving us the chance to face our foe on equal terms but now, release us if you can. Valhalla calls us home.

DOCTOR:

Ah. That could be a little difficult, I'm afraid.

CONSTANCE:

Doctor...?

DOCTOR:

The thing is, they were stored inside the transmat disc, there
—

HERGER:

What, this? The shield of the Jotunn...!

DOCTOR:

I'm not entirely sure how to put the genie back inside the bottle, so to speak.

CONSTANCE:

You can't just leave a bunch of twenty-foot-tall Vikings to stomp around America!

DOCTOR:

We-ell...

HERGER:

Surely, then, if this shield is no more, then we will be no more...?

DOCTOR:

That's true enough. But then nine thousand Talessh would be trapped in limbo too.

CONSTANCE:

You're going to take the disc and go in search of the rest of the Talessh, aren't you?

DOCTOR:

Mrs Clarke, it's all I can do.

HERGER:

All you can do, maybe. But I — I am a Titan now! And I may then crush it underfoot! Destroy this thing, as I would had I been able to before!

DOCTOR:

(HORROR) Herger, no...!

(FX: TOO LATE — HERGER STAMPS ON THE DISC! WHOMPF! IT DISINTEGRATES)

HERGER:

To Asgard...!

(FX: WHOMPF! HERGER AND 6 x VIKINGS, ALL DISINTEGRATE IN RAPID SUCCESSION)

(BEAT)

CONSTANCE:

They're gone. Gone to dust...!

DOCTOR:

Along with the disc. Leaving nine thousand Talessh souls stuck somewhere between hell and Earth, for all eternity. — That idiot Viking!

SCENE 69: INT. GEO-ENGINE CONTROL

(FX: FADE UP. 4 x PAIRS OF FEET WALKING TO STOP, OUTSIDE TARDIS)

ZETTERLING:

Okay, so we've cycled down the geo-engine. Guess the next major test is going to have to be delayed, for a while.

DOCTOR:

I don't see why it should.

MACHT:

This was only phase five. The phase six terraformer, the advanced model, that's gonna be twice the size. Only, uh, I guess we're gonna need another site.

CONSTANCE:

Away from the Vikings' burial mound, I trust?

MACHT:

Exactly.

DOCTOR:

Well, Dr Macht, Professor Zetterling – I can see you've got this whole 'saving the world' thing sewn up, so I think it's time Mrs Clarke and I were gone, don't you...?

(FX: OPENS TARDIS DOOR)

ZETTERLING:

In your 'TARDIS', huh? I still have trouble believing in it.

CONSTANCE:

Sometimes, so do I.

MACHT:

You know, Doctor, about the whole saving the world thing – I can't help thinking maybe you're the guy for the job of project manager, here at Burnt Oak...?

DOCTOR:

I don't think so.

MACHT:

C'mon, I can put together a fantastic package for you. A serious salary. A serious car. Share options...!

DOCTOR:

No!

CONSTANCE:

Professor Zetterling, I rather think that someone here is trying to avoid their own responsibilities.

ZETTERLING:

I think so too. – You, Hugo, you are going to see this thing through. Because I'm going to make you!

DOCTOR:

Don't look so downhearted, Dr Macht. A great reward awaits you, greater than any I'll ever enjoy.

MACHT:

Yeah? What's that?

DOCTOR:

To save a world, then to live in the world you've saved. Wouldn't you agree, Mrs Clarke?

CONSTANCE:

Yes, Doctor. I would.

DOCTOR:

In you go, Constance. (SHE GOES; HE BEGINS TO CLOSE DOOR – THEN, CASUALLY) Oh, and, Hugo –

MACHT:

Yeah?

DOCTOR:

If this planet isn't much improved the next time I visit this time zone – I'll be coming to get you...!

(FX: SLAMS DOOR. BEAT. TARDIS DEMATERIALISES)

THE END